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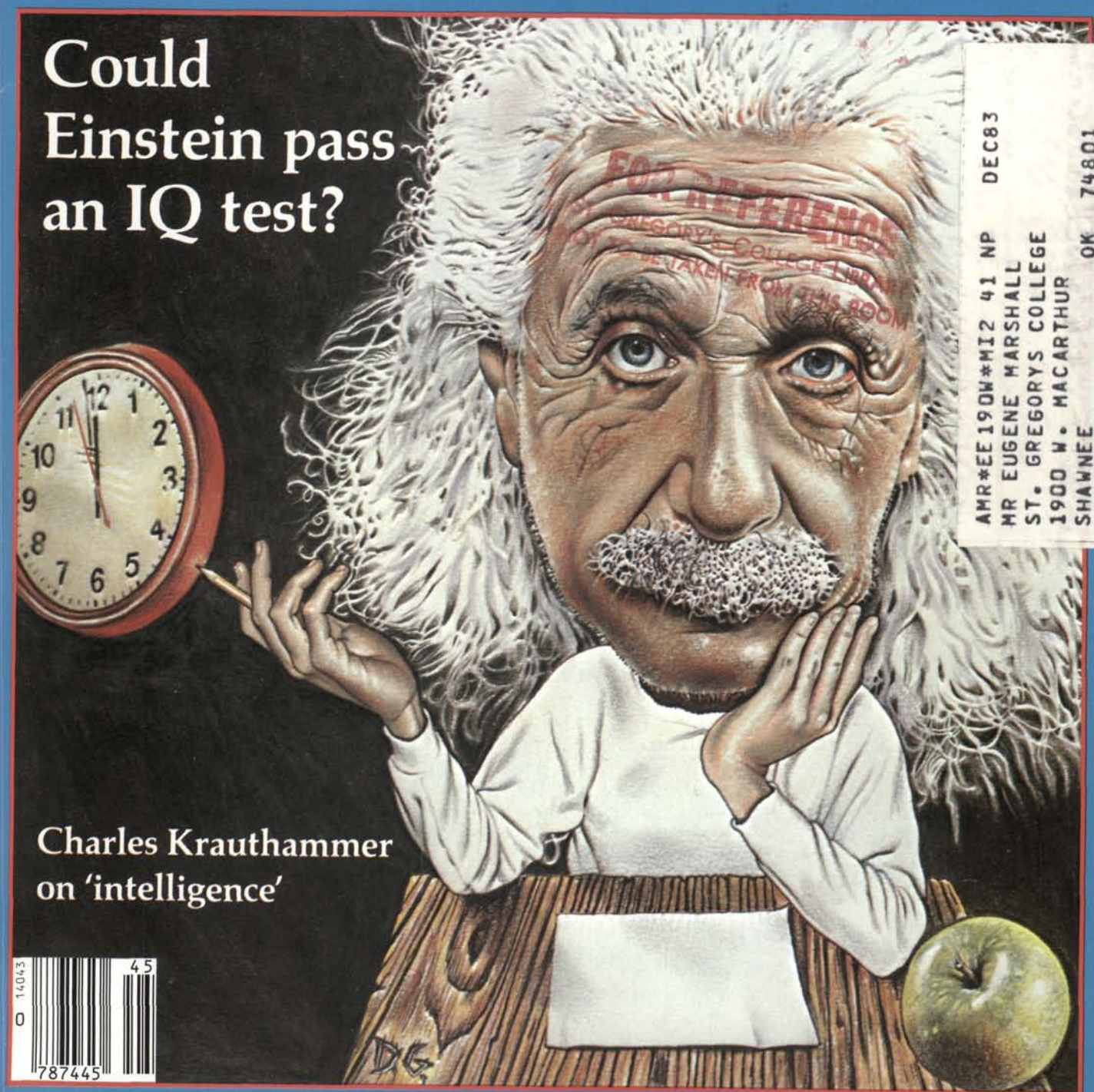
No Sex, Please, We're Washingtonians

Don't Tilt to the P.L.O., by Jeane Kirkpatrick

THE NEW REPUBLIC



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CORRESPONDENCE

SELECTIVE MORALITY

To the editors:

As a follow-up to M.P.'s comments on Austrian Chancellor Bruno Kreisky (Washington Diarist, TNR, October 14), I notice in the *New York Times* that Kreisky is suddenly angry at Yasir Arafat and the P.L.O. The Chancellor, moral man that he is, doesn't like Arafat's reaction to the assassination of Sadat. He is quoted as finding it "incomprehensible that anyone could praise a murderer, that anyone could be happy over a murder." As a result, Kreisky is considering taking action against the P.L.O., perhaps even closing its Vienna office. Does this outrage apply to the killing of Jews? Obviously not, judging from Kreisky's past actions. The Chancellor's selective morality is both disgusting and revealing. The P.L.O. is free to murder Jewish women and children and be embraced by Kreisky so long as it does not praise those who murder Arab leaders. Anwar Sadat was a great man. One reason for that greatness was that, unlike Kreisky, he knew the difference between a murderer and a statesman.

Jeff Kampelman
New Haven, Connecticut

POLICE HARASSMENT

To the editors:

We take strong exception to the assertion by Jack Bass ("Atlanta's Mayoral Mishmash," TNR, September 23) that "the police do not harass" the Atlanta "homosexual community." Those of us who are daily involved in cases of blatant police harassment (including the selective enforcement of laws and ordinances, entrapment, verbal and physical abuse, and unequal treatment at the time of and subsequent to arrest) know that Bass's statement is simply not true. His assertion would come as a surprise as well to the scores of lesbians and gay men who have been the victims of such practices.

To be fair, after several years of confrontations between lesbian and gay activists and the police administration, there has been some recent progress in alleviating this situation: during a lengthy meeting between representatives of the A.C.L.U. of Georgia and its lesbian/gay rights chapter and several other Atlanta gay organizations, police administrators admitted that such harassment "may," in fact, occur. And they have committed themselves to an internal investigation procedure which should prevent exposing complainants to further abuse.

Buren W. Batson Jr., President
A.C.L.U. Lesbian/Gay Rights Chapter
Atlanta, Georgia

REAL PEOPLE

To the editors:

I would like to add one comment to Mark Crispin Miller's review of the Jerry Lewis Telethon ("Sickness on Television," TNR, October 7). Not only does the use of the term "Jerry's kids" relegate many adults to childhood status, but, in fact, those afflicted with muscular dystrophy are not Jerry's children. They are the offspring of parents who have had to cope with all of the feelings associated with having a child handicapped by this illness. Jerry Lewis's efforts to help these people does not give him the right to lay claim to them. Let us honor these persons with muscular dystrophy and their families if we contribute, and not call them "Jerry's kids." They must have their own problems.

Pasqual J. Pantone
New York, New York

COURTLY RESTRAINT

To the editors:

Your editorial "Exclusionary Justice" (October 14) was right in saying that without a deterrent such as the exclusionary rule, police could not be trusted to obey the Fourth Amendment. And current Republican proposals would be inadequate alternatives to the exclusionary rule and for that reason should be defeated. But it is a disservice to attack all efforts to change or abolish the exclusionary rule as "by definition unconstitutional."

The Supreme Court has indicated that the basis for the exclusion of illegally obtained evidence is deterrence, and that the rule was judicially created because it was the only available way to compel respect for the Fourth Amendment. But Chief Justice Warren Burger has stated his belief that the Court would discard the rule if an effective alternative remedy was available. Thus the Court would likely be receptive to an *effective* legislative alternative to the exclusionary rule. I agree that the police cannot be trusted with the crucial job of deterring officer misconduct—or with the definition of constitutional provisions. But civil remedies, alone or in combination with the exclusion of evidence in certain cases, might be equally effective in deterring violations of the Constitution while simultaneously keeping dangerous criminals off the streets. You owe it to your readers to explore such alternatives.

Michael K. Brown
Oakland, California

REAGANOMICS

To the editors:

The thrust of your editorial "Out on a Limb" (October 14) is correct. The Reagan Administration is making a macroeconomic argument to achieve a microeconomic purpose. It talks about productivity and getting the economy going again, and acts to redistribute income. But both approaches are flawed.

The slow economic growth of the late 1970s and early 1980s is a structural economic problem; it is not an economy-wide problem. The United States is still the premier country in the world, in terms of productive capability. It has not lost its competitive edge; it has become relatively less dominant. Efforts to regain economic growth through aggregate demand policies will only create more inflation. They will not stimulate supply. It will be years before industries can recoup their position, if they ever can. Hence, the industries themselves have stepped up the call for protection from their foreign competitors.

The Administration hopes to redistribute income to wealthier individuals who will invest more to achieve the investment needed to spur economic growth. The problem here is the incentives that exist for these people. Are these people going to invest in bonds? In common stocks? Investment in either of these in the current environment is foolish. Short-term money market instruments are about the only game in town because they give a high return,

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

Kettles Of Fission

Maybe the thing to do with toxic nuclear wastes is to pile them into a hole and wait. They will destroy themselves in half a million years. That's been tried, but the confounded stuff leaks out. It's a problem that people find hard to face, because there has been nothing like it in human history. You are dealing with the most poisonous substance ever known on earth, one which can be used, if properly refined, to manufacture H-bombs. We are making bombs all the time and feeling more secure if we have more of them than the Russians. Meanwhile the tailings from the stuff retain some of their evil. Nobody knows what to do with the waste. President Reagan has come to the aid of the nuclear energy industry now and is promoting a kind of Chrysler-type bailout—except it involves a whole industry, not a single company. It is the supreme test of the President's favorite theory that if government leaves business alone and lifts regulations it will cure itself. In this case the regulations he wants to lift might save us from a nuclear meltdown. Russia, our great rival, apparently had one a few years back, but kept it secret. It was near the town of Kyshtym, close to the Ural Mountains, and scientific detective work indicates it may have desolated a 40-square-mile area. It's what the scientists neatly call an "aberration" or a "criticality excursion."

The Washington press does a weak job, I think, in reporting doomsday. In fact, it discourages reporting. First of all, who wants to think about the dreadful thing? We hear about cars exploded by terrorists and recoil with horror. How can we endure such things? But these are caused merely by dynamite. In 10 or 20 years those cars may have nuclear bombs. We shiver and erase the thought. But we have been warned. I have in front of me the April 1977 report of the Office of Technology Assessment to Congress. In the event of theft of fissile material, it says, "a small group of people" could probably build "a crude nuclear explosive device." They would only need "modest machine-shop facilities" for a work place; they would have to include "a person capable of searching and understanding technical literature in several fields, and a 'jack-of-all trades' technician." That's all. And with that equipment they could blow up Detroit or hold a nation at ransom.

Washington reporters, I say, are not very good at covering this unfolding story. It is true that nuclear wastes are being scattered all around America. The more bombs we build, the more nuclear power plants we erect, the more wastes we get. But every other word in a dissertation like this is in scientific jargon: light-water reactor, gaseous diffusion, quad, and things like that. (Just to help you out, a "quad" is a thousand trillion British thermal units.) I find it a lot easier to write about tried and true things like politics and Awacs and Reagan after the honeymoon.

Fred Shapiro has taken a crack at writing about wastes in an article that fills half the October 19 *New Yorker*. Some of the details it gives about careless nuclear disposal are nonplussing. Here are random figures: the Oak Ridge National Laboratory in Tennessee made an inventory of nuclear wastes in 1980. Out of six categories, mill tailings are the least radioactive: there's enough of them to provide a twelve-inch-thick pavement for three four-lane, coast-to-coast highways. Every year 141 million more cubic feet are added. (The mill process removes about 90 percent of the uranium in the ore, and the rest, unless buried, blows into the wind or leaks into the streams or exhales radioactive gas into the air.) By the year 2000 there will be 517 million tons of tailings. These should be buried or put under water, of course, or shot at the moon, but it will cost a pretty penny. The Nuclear Regulatory Commission estimates something over $22 billion by 2000 just to dispose of this first and most neglected of six forms of radioactive waste. We pile more up all the time.

Then again, of course, there is Three Mile Island. Maybe a billion dollars will clean that up. Out at the Diablo Canyon nuclear plant in California, the Pacific Gas & Electric Company somehow fouled up plans and the start there is delayed. It seems to be the story of the nuclear power era. We went at the thing in a wonderfully careless, exuberant way, we thought. The world was going on an energy joy ride. Lewis Strauss predicted electricity "too cheap to meter." When the Middle East oil embargo hit, James R. Schlesinger called for construction of up to 550 nuclear power plants. But enthusiasm soon ebbed. It revived a bit with the idea of the breeder reactor. (A "light-water" reactor is one that uses ordinary water as a coolant to transfer heat from fissioning uranium to a steam turbine which produces electricity. Its fuel is slightly enriched fissioning uranium. In other words, it's just a steam engine using uranium instead of coal.)

But a breeder reactor is another kettle of fission. It's a nuclear reactor that produces more fissile material than it consumes. It's a car that gives you more gasoline at the end of the ride than when you started. So we started to build the Clinch River, Tennessee, breeder reactor, near Oak Ridge. It would operate on a plutonium fuel cycle and be cooled by molten sodium. Where would the plutonium come from? Man-made; the operative word is "re-processing." Wastes from the uranium reactor would yield the cardinal element—plutonium.

Now plutonium is the most lethal, long-lived poison ever introduced onto planet earth. It's also the explosive core of H-bombs. Temperatures of over 100 million degrees are needed to initiate a fusion. Engineering problems are tough: a faulty valve or a human error might trigger catastrophe.

The Clinch River breeder was started in 1969. Its estimated cost was $700 million. By 1977 it had cost nearly $2 billion, and it still wasn't functioning. Carter halted it. But now it has two big backers: the Senate majority leader, Howard Baker, Republican of Tennessee, and a President who believes in bailing out corporations and industries. In a policy statement this month he committed himself to speeding construction of nuclear plants.

An extraordinary comment in a Mobil advertisement in the September 24 *New York Times* declares that "the new energy policy assures that the government will be responsible for disposal of nuclear waste." *Responsible?* That means billions of dollars—if Ronald Reagan assures that it ought to be looked into.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
NOVEMBER 11, 1981

STATESIDE SPOOKERY

On January 24, 1978, President Carter signed an executive order governing the conduct of U.S. intelligence agencies. The Carter order placed certain elementary restrictions on C.I.A. activities abroad (assassination, for example, was forbidden) and sensibly sought to require presidential approval and congressional oversight of the most dangerous of those activities. But perhaps the most important of the order's accomplishments was its resurrection of the principle—first expressed in the C.I.A.'s original 1947 charter and immediately ignored—that the C.I.A.'s operations at home must be carefully circumscribed.

The Reagan Administration is now on its third draft of a replacement for the Carter order. All three have been leaked, more or less on purpose, as part of the trial-balloon process by which policy in this shadowy area is made. The first was scrapped when it provoked an enormous outcry among civil libertarians and others who complained that it would have placed almost no restrictions or supervision on intelligence activities. The second was set aside when some people inside the Administration concluded that it would not allow the agencies enough freedom to do their job. The third draft, some version of which is likely to end up on the President's desk, is a compromise; but it is not a moderate document. Unless the improbable happens and the draft order is substantially modified, it will loosen restrictions on domestic spying and on C.I.A. activities within the U.S. in potentially dangerous ways.

A close textual comparison of the Carter order and the Reagan draft yields many alarming insights into the intelligence philosophy of the Reagan Administration. For example, the Carter order restricts the intelligence-gathering activities of the C.I.A. inside the United States to the use of "cooperating U.S. sources." It maintains the practice of leaving covert domestic intelligence gathering to the F.B.I.—a distinction that was applauded by the 1975 Rockefeller Commission report, which called for limiting the domestic activities of the C.I.A. as much as possible. (One of the commission's members was Ronald Reagan.) The Reagan draft draws no such distinction, and it does not require that the C.I.A.'s domestic sources of information be of the "cooperating" variety. It thus places no explicit limit on the agency's authority to act in this country.

But more important than the Reagan draft's abandonment of the notion of the C.I.A. as an exclusively foreign intelligence organization is its failure to impose meaningful limitations on the nature and scope of domestic intelligence activities in general. In the Carter order, the section entitled "Restrictions on Intelligence Activities" begins with the following statement of principle: "The measures employed to acquire [essential] information should be responsive to legitimate governmental needs and must be conducted in a manner that preserves and respects established concepts of privacy and civil liberties." The corresponding section of the Reagan draft (more amiably entitled "Conduct of Intelligence Activities") substitutes this language: "Collection of [essential] information is a priority initiative, and will be pursued in an aggressive, innovative and responsible manner that is consistent with the Constitution and applicable law and respectful of the principles on which the United States was founded." Plainly, respect for "privacy and civil liberties" (words that appear nowhere in the Reagan draft) is now to be regarded as an intolerable encumbrance. The standard which the Reagan draft substitutes for it is inadequate.

The Carter order defines "special activities"—that is, covert action—as "activities conducted abroad in support of national foreign policy objectives." The Reagan draft simply moves the word "abroad" to the end ("activities conducted in support of national foreign policy objectives abroad"), and thus expands the arena of covert action to include the U.S. It's a small but potentially significant change, since it could reopen the way for the kinds of dirty tricks to which the F.B.I. devoted so much energy during the 1960s.

In the Carter executive order, the section on protect-

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ing intelligence sources authorizes the collection of

> information concerning present or former employees, present or former intelligence agency contractors or their present or former employees, or applicants for any such employment or contracting, which is needed to protect foreign intelligence or counterintelligence sources or methods from unauthorized disclosure.

This leaves plenty of scope for the intelligence agencies to sniff out the potential Philip Agees (and Edwin Wilsons) in their midst, and it quite properly assigns the task of keeping the government's secrets to those to whom those secrets have been or will be entrusted. The Reagan draft, on the other hand, flatly approves the collection of any and all "information needed to protect foreign intelligence or counterintelligence sources or methods from unauthorized disclosure." The Reagan team so far has displayed little of the paranoia about the press that led the Nixon Administration into so many bizarre byways. But this proposed change in the rules, it seems to us, is a formula for a return to the days when honest reporters became the targets of electronic, mail, and physical surveillance.

The Reagan and Carter documents both include a clause on "Undisclosed Participation in Domestic Organizations"—that is, infiltration. The Carter order reserved this form of domestic spying to F.B.I. agents working on cases involving foreign powers. The Reagan draft would let the C.I.A. in on the act as well, and would also broaden the permissible aims of such infiltration to take in anything "the agency head or designee" decides is a lawful purpose. The Carter order says flatly, "No such participation may be undertaken for the purpose of influencing the activity of the organization or its members." The Reagan draft says the same thing, but adds, ". . . unless the Attorney General has approved the participation and determined that it will not interfere with any rights protected by the Constitution or laws of the United States." The Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, which spent the week before Halloween going over the Reagan draft, was spooked by this clause, and it is not likely to survive. But even without it, the proposal holds far more potential for doing mischief to civil liberties than for solving the real problems of U.S. intelligence.

It may seem odd to be expressing reservations about unleashing the "intelligence community" at a time when the newspapers are full of the murderous adventures of Katherine Boudin and her friends. But there is no evidence that the changes the Reagan Administration has in mind would have made it easier to penetrate the group that calls itself the Weather Underground, which, well before its ugly re-emergence, had provided ample "probable cause" for official countermeasures, including infiltration, within existing law. The United States unquestionably needs competent and reliable intelligence services, and the government has both a right and a duty to keep an eye not only on the likes of the Weather Underground, but also on groups like the Puerto Rican F.A.L.N., the Jewish Defense League, the P.L.O., and the Ku Klux Klan. But the Reagan proposals seem to be informed less by a dispassionate assessment of the real needs of national security than by a generalized ideological tropism for "toughness." The present shortcomings of the C.I.A., insofar as outsiders can judge them, seem to have little to do with domestic terrorism or covert action. They seem to have a great deal to do with failures to make correct analyses of raw political intelligence, as in Iran before the fall of the Shah. The Administration would do well to turn its attention to this problem and leave the stateside C.I.A. spy stuff alone.

Disastrous Diplomacy

The New Republic usually does not print articles by government officials. We conceive our job to be one of elucidating and commenting upon what they do and say. But in this issue we carry a piece by United Nations Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick about the Middle East. We do so because the article is important both in what it says and what it doesn't say.

What it straightforwardly contains is a wise analysis and prescription for U.S. policy after Sadat, leading to the conclusion that the Palestine Liberation Organization remains the enemy of peace in the area and is no fit partner in the negotiating process. Kirkpatrick ends by declaring that "it is shocking" that so soon after Sadat's death, "influential Americans" are calling for negotiations with the P.L.O. "Powerful forces hostile to U.S. interests and Israel's survival are at work today" toward that end, she says.

What Kirkpatrick does not say is who these persons and interests are. In conversation with the editors, she gave specific assurances that the Reagan Administration is not falling under their influence. We wish we could be as sure as she is. Pro-P.L.O. sentiment has mushroomed well beyond the U.S. oil companies, Arabists in the State Department, left-wing ideologists, financial interests eager for petrodollars, and Representative Paul Findley of Illinois.

In our view, though decisively not in Mrs. Kirkpatrick's, this drift is already reaching the upper levels of the Administration. The first sign was a statement by Secretary of State Alexander Haig that the P.L.O. is not a terrorist group, but an "umbrella organization" containing both terrorists and nonterrorists. This remark—a "signal" to the P.L.O., Haig aides say—was offered altogether without evidence, and that is because there is no evidence to back it up. What exactly has led the Secretary to soften his firm line against terrorism? For it was Arafat, at the center of the

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umbrella, who welcomed Sadat's murder, and not simply the various sects at its periphery. We fear that the voices of former Presidents Gerald Ford and Jimmy Carter on the way back from Sadat's funeral were not merely those of two retired politicians eager to be back in the news.

But the strongest evidence of change came in an interview with President Reagan himself on October 17 with journalist Trudy Feldman. An excerpt:

Q: Do you think eventually you'll have to bring the P.L.O. into the talks?

A: I think the Palestinians—I don't like to talk just about the P.L.O. because they are a self-declared voice of the Palestinian people. But whether it includes them or not, I think the Palestinian problem has to be solved. But it can't be solved until they are willing to acknowledge Israel's right to exist.

Q: But eventually do you think the P.L.O. will be talked to by our government?

A: I think this is part of what's at stake here. I think that Saudi Arabia could be an element in this.

Q: You mean to bring the P.L.O. into it?

A: Yes.

Reagan was careful to restate the standard caveat that the P.L.O. must first recognize Israel's right to exist, but his words now are a far cry from those he uttered during the election campaign, such as these before the B'nai B'rith convention in Washington on September 3, 1980:

> President Carter refuses to brand the P.L.O. as a terrorist organization. I have no hesitation in doing so. We live in a world in which any band of thugs clever enough to get the word liberation into its name can thereupon murder schoolchildren and have its deeds considered glamorous and glorious. . . . If others wish to deal with them, establish diplomatic relations with them, let it be on their heads and let them be willing to pay the price of appeasement. The P.L.O. is said to represent the Palestinian refugees. It represents no one but the leaders who established it as a means of organized aggression against Israel.

And so on and so forth. Even discounting rhetorical excesses during a campaign, it's clear there has been an important shift. Reagan now considers the P.L.O. to be representative of the Palestinian people. He thinks the Palestinian problem is vital to peace in the Middle East. So, he seems to be saying, if the P.L.O. will only hint (just once, maybe) that it will live at peace with Israel, it can be brought into the negotiating process.

Not only does Reagan thus make a mockery of his campaign pledges, he also indulges in disastrous diplomacy. Once Israel gets the idea that the U.S. is on the road to recognition of the P.L.O., its policies on West Bank autonomy—already hard—will turn to stone. The Israelis certainly should deal more generously than they have with the Palestinians, but the P.L.O. is one group with whom they will never deal. Anyone who tries to promote peace by pushing the P.L.O. cause thus is actually hurting the cause of peace.

Even worse, Reagan seems to be considering this shift toward the P.L.O. because, as he demonstrated in his fierce struggle for the Awacs deal, he has moved steadily toward adopting the Saudi view of the Mideast. Even though the P.L.O. is part of a radical, pro-Soviet movement that would topple the kingdom if it could, Saudi Arabia favors recognition of the P.L.O. and establishment of a P.L.O.-run Palestinian state in the West Bank. The Saudis do so to appease their sworn enemies. It would be shocking—Jeane Kirkpatrick's word is apt—to see the Administration adopt a similar policy.

A Box On The Ear

In its incessant quest to find its identity and learn how to behave, the *Washington Post* resembles nothing so much as a precocious adolescent. The *Post* is going to be a great newspaper when it grows up, but at the moment—as demonstrated by its clumsy fumble of a gossip columnist's allegation that Jimmy Carter bugged the Reagans at Blair House—it is going through a "phase." First, in this latest episode, came the brash challenge to authority: an accusation in the Ear, the gossip column recently transplanted from the insensate body of the *Washington Star* to the robust *Post*, that Blair House was bugged when Nancy Reagan, then in residence, is supposed to have wished aloud that the Carters would vacate the executive mansion before the inauguration. (The Ear's source was "one tattler in the Carter tribe" who "described listening to the Tape Itself.") Next came parental rebuke (a threatened libel suit from Mr. Carter), followed by defiant back talk (executive editor Benjamin Bradlee's comment that he was not about to "run up and down Pennsylvania Avenue bare-assed" by way of apology), followed by confused silence (for editorial soul-searching and managerial lawyer-consulting). Then came the clever excuse, an editorial arguing that it was "one thing . . . to read that item to say that such a tale is circulating and being given currency by estimable public figures who repeat it—and quite another to conclude from this that the place was in fact bugged and that the Carters did in fact perpetrate such a scheme." The item, the editorial said, reported that there was a rumor. "There was. Based on everything we know of the Carter instinct and record on this subject, we find that rumor utterly impossible to believe."

Cleverness backfired, as it often does in adolescence. *Post* reporters bristled at the suggestion of a professional standard that would allow unbelieved rumor to be printed without comment. Lawyers observed that despite the *Post*'s praise for Carter's "refusal to play the bugging-taping game," the *Post* had actually vitiated its

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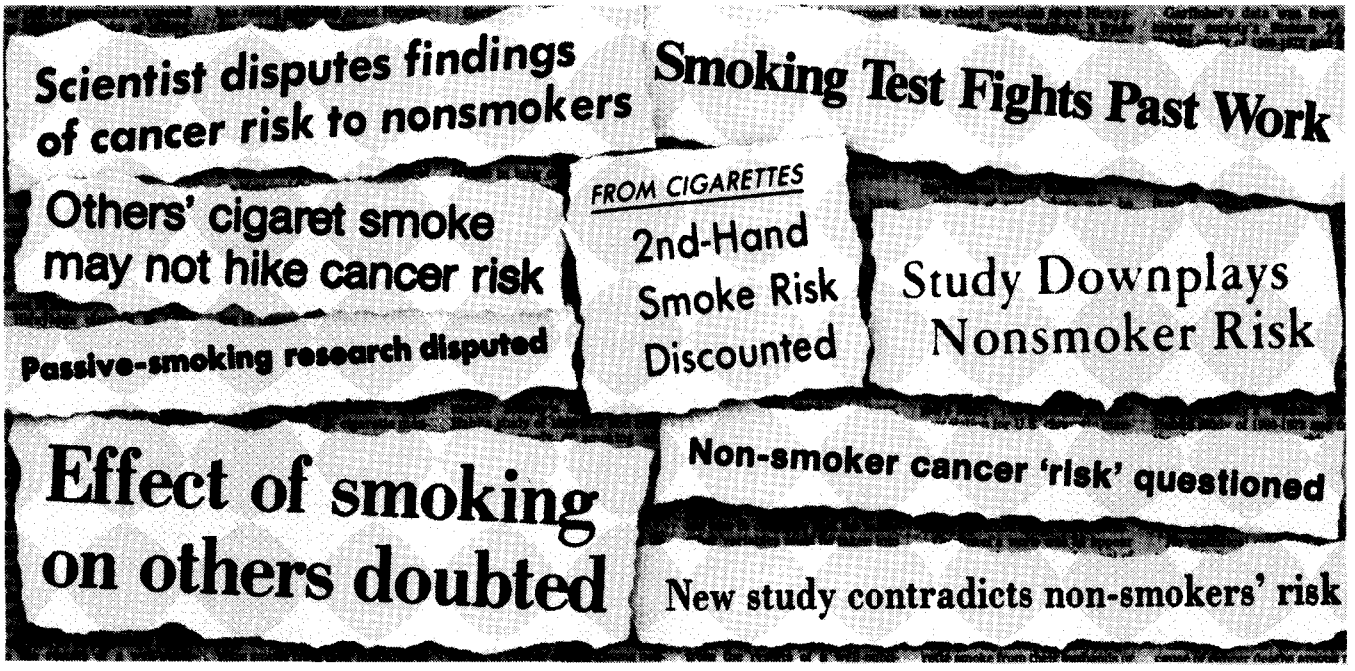
HERE'S WHAT'S NOW BEING SAID ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S CIGARETTE SMOKE.


Scientist disputes findings of cancer risk to nonsmokers
Smoking Test Fights Past Work
Others' cigaret smoke may not hike cancer risk
Passive-smoking research disputed
FROM CIGARETTES
2nd-Hand Smoke Risk Discounted
Study Downplays Nonsmoker Risk
Effect of smoking on others doubted
Non-smoker cancer 'risk' questioned
New study contradicts non-smokers' risk

Several months ago, headlines around the world trumpeted alarming news. A Japanese study was claiming that non-smoking wives of smokers had a higher risk of lung cancer because of their husbands' tobacco smoke. That scared a lot of people and understandably so, if this claim was the last word.

But now new headlines have appeared. First, because several apparent errors are reported to have been found in the Japanese study—raising serious questions about it.

Second, because Lawrence Garfinkel, the statistical director of the American Cancer Society who is opposed to smoking, published a report covering 17 years and nearly 200,000 people in which he indicated that "second-hand" smoke has insignificant effect on lung cancer rates in nonsmokers.

For more information on this important public issue, write Scientific Division, The Tobacco Institute, 1875 I St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

BEFORE YOU BELIEVE HALF THE STORY, GET THE WHOLE STORY.

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libel defense by admitting "actual malice" in the legal sense, defined as reckless disregard for the truth. What better proof of "actual malice" than the admission that the *Post* hadn't believed the damaging rumor it helped circulate?

Finally came the confessional lurch, the sending of an apologetic note from the publisher to Mr. Carter and its publication in a front-page news story. The source of the item, who had claimed in turn to have had two sources in Mr. Carter's family, was now believed to have been wrong. Mr. Carter answered with some stern let-this-be-a-lesson talk ("Many victims of similarly false allegations . . . suffer just as severely"), and dropped the suit. The *Post* heaved a grateful sigh. We recommend as extra homework that the *Post* be required to run a front-page news story fully exploring the question of whether Blair House is indeed bugged. If the accusation proves hopelessly flimsy, the *Post* must not resort to its usual tactic of overearnest apology, as it did in the case of Janet Cooke. Instead, it will be grounded for a week. And no TV, either.

Congress assumes the missionary position.

Capital Sex

GIVEN THE well-publicized shenanigans of such prominent Washingtonians as Elizabeth Ray, Wayne Hays, Fanne Foxe, Wilbur Mills, Robert Bauman, Jon Hinson, and Rita and John Jenrette, out-of-towners might be forgiven for supposing that, in the District of Columbia, anything goes. Not so. Until July all sex, except face-to-face encounters between married couples, was illegal in Washington. Then, for a few months, it was legal, sort of. Now it's illegal again.

In July, when the D.C. City Council took up a bill to reduce or eliminate criminal penalties for almost all sex between consenting adults, there ensued what the *Washington Post* called "a week of emotionally charged debate among the council members and in the community about the proper role of government in setting moral standards through criminal law." As a result of that debate, a provision lowering the age of consent for sexual activity was dropped; but the bill itself (which was based on recommendations made by the District of Columbia Law Revision Commission) was passed by the council and signed by the Mayor, Marion Barry. In any other city, the bill would then have instantly become law. But Washington's home rule is limited, which means that local legislation may be disapproved by a simple majority vote of either house of Congress. Still, only one D.C. bill had been disapproved since home rule was established six years ago, and that one would have restricted the locations of foreign embassies, indisputably a matter of federal concern. And Congress would have left the D.C. sex bill alone—if only the Moral Majority had left Congress alone.

At a Washington news conference on September 9, Jerry Falwell, the Lynchburg, Virginia, preacher who heads the Moral Majority, declared war on the D.C. sex bill. Falwell made it clear that what most provoked the Moral Majority was the bill's decriminalization of homosexual conduct. He called the bill "a perverted act about perverted acts," and attributed its passage wholly to "fear of the gay vote." He concluded, "It would be very terrible if Washington, D.C., became the gay capital of the world."

On October 1, Representative Philip Crane, Republican of Illinois, led a five-hour battle in the House for a resolution disapproving the D.C. sex bill, which he had introduced at the Moral Majority's request. (A similar resolution had been introduced in the Senate by Jeremiah Denton, Republican of Alabama.) During the House debate, Representative Daniel Crane, another Republican from Illinois, proclaimed, "The time has come for all God-fearing people to stand up and be counted." The disapproval resolution was passed by an overwhelming vote of 281 to 119.

Why did they vote that way? Most members of Congress, it is safe to say, couldn't care less about what goes on in Washington bedrooms other than their own. But a vote against the D.C. sex bill offered a chance to appeal subliminally to a whole range of murky prejudices—not just against homosexuals, but against big cities, against blacks, against "permissiveness." A good many members, however, simply wanted to keep the crazies off their backs. Charles Wilson, Democrat of Texas, was one such member. When he realized that his vote wasn't going to affect the outcome anyway, he decided to spare himself some trouble. "It was a cheap vote," he told the *Post*. "Why should I give the Moral Majority another issue so they can have kids running around with signs saying I supported homosexuality?"

A FEW conservatives, such as Robert Livingston, Republican of Louisiana, yielded neither to the presumed prejudice of their constituents nor to the actual pressure of the Moral Majority and its allies. Livingston, reported George Hager of the *New Orleans Times-Picayune*, actually studied the D.C. sex bill. On the House floor, he maintained that if his colleagues were to do the same, "they would realize that many of the rumors that have been promulgated about this particular act are not as valid as they think." He then declared: "I have to say that I have been labeled as a conservative. I am an ex-prosecutor, and I am not trying to defend homosexuality, incest, or any other deviation of mankind, but . . . let us not run away with the emotionalism of the hour, but carefully consider if we want to overturn an act which appears to have been rationally considered by a capable, delibera-

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tive body within the District of Columbia."

The House's rejection of Livingston's call for restraint probably will have little practical effect in Washington itself. District politicians do not fear the gay vote, as Falwell charges, but they do respect it and at least some of them seem genuinely to believe that gay people ought not to be harassed. The social atmosphere of Washington is conservative—politicians and bureaucrats ordinarily behave themselves because they want to advance themselves—but it also is cosmopolitan. People in Washington come not only from every state but also from every country. The city's black majority, for its part, requires no reminder of the evil of prejudice. And the D.C. police force, which has demonstrated that it has better things to do than harass gays, singles, unmarried couples, and those married couples who regard sex as more than a grim necessity, is not likely to change its ways.

Still, the House vote against the D.C. sex bill is disturbing for several reasons. First, it implicitly endorses government control over the most intimate parts of our lives. The New Right's advocacy of such control troubles not only liberals and libertarians but also principled conservatives like Senator Barry Goldwater and syndicated columnist James J. Kilpatrick. Second, the vote suggests that recent expressions of support for local government, especially by conservatives, may be offered not to defend local prerogatives but only to justify cutbacks in federal programs. Third, it shows the willingness of many elected officials to cater to the Bible-thumping bigots and flag-waving fanatics of the Moral Majority.

To be sure, the Moral Majority says that it respects the rights of all citizens—even as it passionately campaigns against the rights of some. At guarded moments and in respectable forums, the Moral Majority attempts to portray itself as just another group of concerned citizens in a pluralist society. But the organization's members are not so much concerned as inflamed, and what inflames them, besides sex, is pluralism itself.

The Moral Majority's assault on pluralism involves not only opposing legislation like the D.C. sex bill, but also challenging the very legitimacy of the groups such legislation is designed to protect. In a recent *Newsweek* column, Falwell argues that homosexuals "are not a legitimate minority because theirs is a chosen lifestyle." He goes beyond denying a minority's legitimacy and implies that choice, which is the essence of freedom, is itself illegitimate. Legitimacy can be defined in many ways, but perhaps it is best understood, in Leon Wieseltier's definition, as "the right not to disappear." The Moral Majority does not concede that its targets have that right.

TERRY KRIEGER

Terry Krieger is a writer and a former administrator at the National Endowment for the Humanities.

A FOOL AND HIS MONEY

THE PRICE OF GILT

SUPPLY-SIDE depravity has reached the point of making the public confess a desire to commit gold-buggery. Arthur Laffer and his enthusiastic associates want to put the country back on the gold standard, a term that suggests prudence, soundness, and practicality—the monetary equivalent of one of Grandma's sensible, down-on-the-farm remedies. It is a measure as sturdy as William McKinley's paunch.

The gold standard, it is argued, will put an end to inflation and all other modern vices. It is the next best thing to submitting to a race-change operation to turn ourselves into diligent Japanese. The gold caterpillars and other gilded members of the order Hemiptera claim that using their favorite metal on which to base our money will "discipline" us. They're right, although it's worth bearing in mind that the line between discipline and corporal punishment can get mighty thin.

For those who are puzzled as to what it means, the gold standard obtains when the government will give you an ounce of gold for a stated number of dollars whenever you want your ounce of gold. That means that if it prints too many dollars, thereby cheapening them, people will convert their shrinking paper money for government-minted gold coins so rapidly the Treasury will be empty and the gold standard kaput. That's the discipline part. The government, knowing this will happen if it falls into a promiscuous relationship with its printing presses, makes sure it doesn't create what the C.I.A. might call a "destabilizing" number of dollar bills. (See "Supply-side Follies, Chapter Two," TNR, September 23.)

Of course, governments do cheat, even when they're on the gold standard. The classic method in old Rome and merry England was to debase the currency, that is, to substitute lead for some of the gold or to make the gold coins smaller. The problem is: how do you keep the government on the gold standard after you've gone to the trouble of getting it there? History teaches that it is usually one of two things that sucker otherwise well-intentioned governments off the gold standard: either splendidly spendthrift heads of state, such as the French Bourbons, or war. Since Nancy Reagan's choice in china, although doubtless regal, isn't in the Marie Antoinette class, it's war we've got to worry about. And when war comes, it is a stern President

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indeed who will keep the nation on the gold standard. Even Mr. Reagan's illustrious predecessor, one of the founders of the Republican Party, Honest Abe himself, took the country off the gold standard to pay for fighting the Civil War with those notorious greenback dollars. If you keep a nation on the gold standard when fighting a war—that is, if you pay for the war without contracting debt to be paid off in cheap paper dollars—you can avoid inflation. But a pay-as-you-go war would mean raising taxes, and, politics being what it is, you can tax the working people only so much. Then you have to begin to tax not just income but property. We have never taxed wealth, since that can't be done without taxing the wealthy, which they don't like. Pay-as-you-go war would have offed the Rockefellers, the Mellons, and the Astors long ago.

Once a nation wanders off the gold standard, it is hard to go back to changing gold and silver for pieces of paper. "Why," Jay Cooke, one of the most famous stock speculators of his day, asked in 1869,

Nick's Picks... Bart's Charts

Welcome to the recession. Last week Reagan made it official. Call it slight or short (Reagan called it both), but it is still a recession. What makes this recession different from its predecessors is the great degree of uncertainty that accompanies it. Previous recessions were dealt with by using conventional Keynesian tools: government spending, lower taxes, lower interest rates. Two of these are, of course, the antithesis of Reaganomics, and this downturn is following on the heels of lower taxes. So there is widespread concern that the economic slowdown won't be either as mild or as brief as supply siders hope.

Uncertainty is becoming a fact of life in the financial world. Economic forecasting tends to be about as reliable as weather forecasting—the outlook is partly cloudy with a 50 percent chance of lower interest rates, gradually clearing toward the 1982 midterm elections. One of the more debilitating effects of double-digit inflation is the uncertainty it creates about future costs. Reaganomics is still untested, leaving great doubt about the course of the economy in the coming year. In the meantime, high interest rates are stifling business investment and, along with the prospect of a growing federal budget deficit, are sending the stock and bond markets tumbling.

About the only good news to report this month is that at the rate the financial markets are plummeting, our hypothetical investment portfolio may soon be outperforming the Dow Jones industrial average. In July we were 6.5 percent behind the Dow, and now, with Wall Street's decline, we have closed the gap to less than 2.5 percent. But this is small consolation as the Consumer Price Index climbs relentlessly and we continue our own inexorable descent.

This month, unlike last, two of our holdings gained in value, and one, Anheuser-Busch, for the first time is worth more than we paid for it. Still, all but one of our other investments, Gulf Oil, hit new lows once again this month. Our three really big losers were Kinder-Care, Southwest Airlines, and our newest acquisition, Lexicon, each down more than $15,000, while Anheuser-Busch, our big gainer, was up almost $20,000. The interest rate paid by our money market fund, Dreyfus Liquid Assets, declined a point this month to 16.4 percent. But measured against the rest of our holdings, it is a negligible drop.

We will begin this round by taking our profit in the one place we can get it, Anheuser-Busch. Depositing the net proceeds from the sale into Dreyfus Liquid Assets, combined with the dividends and interest we have collected this period, gives us $240,366 to work with. We will go with Campbell Red Lake this time. We aren't concerned with its minimal dividend. In fact, combined with its low selling price of $7⅝ a share, this makes it a more likely prospect than the higher yielding—and less ethical—South African stocks for the dramatic gain we need to lift the Fool Fund out of its doldrums. We will purchase 13,000 hypothetical shares, which will cost us $99,125, with an additional $991 (one percent) going to our broker.

After 70 weeks, our portfolio looks like this:

	August 31	October 26
93 Beatrice Foods bonds	$ 66,030	$ 64,635
140 Resorts International bonds	80,150	78,050
11,250 shares MONY Mortgage	75,938	68,906
11,778 shares Templeton Growth Fund	87,393	82,328
2,250 shares Gulf Oil	82,406	77,625
7,400 shares Kinder-Care	98,050	81,400
2,800 shares Harte-Hanks	92,050	97,300
2,500 shares Anheuser-Busch	85,938	
2,100 shares Southwest Airlines	72,975	56,963
99,000 shares Lexicon	99,000	80,438
13,000 shares Campbell Red Lake		99,125
Dreyfus Liquid Assets	122,784	140,250
TOTAL	$962,714	**$927,020**

The score so far (since June 20, 1980):

Consumer Price Index (estimated)	+14.1 percent
Dow Jones Industrial Average	- 4.9 percent
TNR's Fool Fund	- 7.3 percent

Bart Rubenstein

Bart Rubenstein is general manager of *Channels* magazine.

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"should this grand and glorious country be stunted and dwarfed—its activities chilled and its very life blood curdled by these miserable hard coin theories—the musty theories of a bygone age? These men who are urging on premature resumption [of gold payments] know nothing of the great and growing West, which would grow twice as fast if it was not cramped for the means necessary to build railroads and improve farms and convey the produce to market." The same easy money arguments are advanced today. (See "Wage Restraint Pro Quo," by Paul London, TNR, October 7.) Resumption finally did take place on January 1, 1879. The previous years of the decade had been harsh ones of recession and panic. Whether or not the steps the government had taken to make it possible to go back on the gold standard caused the bad times of the 1870s can be argued any number of ways. But a lot of Americans thought so at the time.

One sure thing is that human beings defy automatic fail-safe systems, be they in atomic engineering or economics. The unexpected is always happening, so that South Africa, a nation that is on the gold standard, has been surprised to find that even with its 24K currency it's been suffering from inflation. In this life, the only sure cure is Preparation H.

EVEN IF we don't go back on the gold standard and make the noble metal our money, a lot of people the world over will treat it as money all the same. Suspicious of knaves in high office who debase currency, they will buy gold instead of certificates of deposit or those new "all-savers" tax-free certificates the savings and loan people are peddling. Thus, dear friends, there is money to be made in gold, especially since people buy gold not only when they believe their government is going to inflate the currency but also when bad, unsettling things happen. What's bad news for people is good news for gold. Shoot the President of Egypt and the price of gold goes up, so if you like a simple speculation, buy a few handfuls of gold coins—get the kind that have little or no numismatic value like those chunky Mexican gold 50 peso pieces—and wait for something awful to happen. (Coins that have special value as coins, rather than for their gold content, get you into a different kind of speculation. The price of rare and beautiful coins will fluctuate in different ways than will a chunk of unworked gold of the same weight.)

You may have a rather long wait from the time you buy your gold until some highly profitable bestiality comes along to panic people into buying and driving up the price of gold. One never can be sure which nastiness is money in the bank and which is a losing proposition. For instance, the early turmoils in Iran seemed to have done marvelous things for the price of gold, which roared up to $850 an ounce. But the Solidarity crisis and the threat of a Russian invasion of Poland, did nothing—drat it!—for the price of gold, which has been stuck in the low 400s for weeks and weeks.

While you are waiting in the bushes for lucrative evils to occur, your money isn't earning a sou. It would be better to buy the stock of a gold mining company so that your money is earning something while you're waiting around for the next gold price surge, except that Campbell Red Lake of Ontario, the most profitable mining company, is only paying about a two-and-a-half percent dividend. Your kid is getting a better return on her allowance selling lemonade in front of the house. The other North American mining companies are doing about the same.

BUT South Africa—that's a different story. Now, don't get squeamish. Ethics and making money don't mix, and this is money-making time. Furthermore, when you hear what Free State Geduld Ltd. has been paying in the way of a dividend, you may want to rethink the whole position on apartheid and, like Alexander Haig, make speeches about how the South Africans need to be worked with—or in this case, invested in. Anyway, Free State Geduld is paying about a 22 percent dividend. Kloof Gold Mining Ltd. is paying in the vicinity of 15 percent. Both these companies should be able to mine a lot of gold at relatively low costs. Best not to inquire how they manage to do that. The prices of these stocks are far lower than they were a year or so ago. This is definitely the time to buy. Another nice one, though it's only paying around 10 percent interest, is the Anglo American Corporation of South Africa. You're getting more than gold with this one. Anglo American owns 43 percent of Minerals and Resources Corporation (Minorco), which owns 27 percent of Philbro, a great commodity trading house which has recently snatched up the prestigious and prosperous investment banking firm of Solomon Brothers. We trust all these various persona ficta, as the lawyers like to call the fictitious persons we refer to as corporations, will collaborate for pelf and profit, if not for honor and glory. When something ugly happens and the price of one of these stocks doubles, a dedicated liberal might want to tithe himself and use a tenth of all that money to send a ghetto kid to college.

For people who insist on investing their money in companies with a free labor force, you might want to look into the Murray Ohio Manufacturing Company, one of the largest manufacturers of bicycles in America. They sell them to places like Sears and K Mart, which sure beats going door to door. The bikes are made in a nice, nonunion plant in Tennessee. Oh, dear. It's enough to give you a heart attack—a thought that might interest you in Mountain Medical Equipment, a promising company that sells home oxygen apparatus for people with bad tickers bought on by liberal investment gilts.

NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

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The P.L.O. is not a peace partner.

DISHONORING SADAT

BY JEANE KIRKPATRICK

THE DEATH of Anwar Sadat was an event that may significantly alter the shape of the world. Sadat was a man whose life had profoundly affected events and alignments in a region that is crucial to other areas dependent upon its strategic resources. His death introduces one more element of potential instability into a region that for some time has borne a disturbing resemblance to the Balkans just prior to World War I.

Let us be clear. Egypt's political system has shown a reassuring capacity to cope in an orderly, constitutional fashion with the succession crisis; and Sadat's chosen successor, Hosni Mubarak, has plainly stated his commitment to continuing Sadat's policies—specifically the peace process rooted in the Camp David accords. Secretary of State Alexander Haig has forcefully warned other nations against attempting to take advantage of Sadat's assassination to provoke or profit from increased instability. Nonetheless, during the period in which Mubarak establishes his leadership and consolidates power, Egypt will feel the trauma of Sadat's brutal murder and his sudden removal. Because leaders embody collective identity and aspirations, the violent destruction of a powerful leader is felt as a threat throughout a polity. Discussion of the possible policy consequences of a tragic event like this one is inevitable.

Such discussion began even before Sadat's burial. "For American policy in the Middle East, can there be life after Sadat?" an American journalist wrote, and answered, "Yes, of course, but that policy can succeed only if we finally learn not to tie policy wholly to the survival of strong men." It has been said repeatedly that the death of Sadat resembles the fall of the Shah, because once again a powerful leader, important to the U.S., whose government rested upon personal power, has been abruptly removed from the scene. And, in fact, the death of Sadat, like the fall of the Shah, underscores the vulnerability of policies that depend—or seem to depend—on a single individual. Some commentators, like the one quoted above, rush to the conclusion that the U.S. should not rely on policies that depend on men. But in the Middle East, as in various other parts of the world, the realities of politics force us to rely heavily upon relations with individual rulers. Such regimes are characteristic of the area. The tradition of paternalistic authority is strong in the Middle East. It rests on firm, authoritarian, patriarchal family structures. Khomeini's fundamentalist theocracy is no less dependent on his personal leadership than the Shah's preceding monarchy was dependent on his. Presidents Qaddafi and Nimeiry, Kings Hussein and Khalid differ in their goals, their policies, their methods, and their styles, but they all head regimes that depend heavily on their individual leadership.

The truth is that we cannot control the governments of the area or choose the rulers. We cannot structure their institutions or transform their beliefs. We have no magic wand to turn the Moslem states that stretch from North Africa to South Asia into replicas of modern, secular, democratic nations living harmoniously with one another. We must deal with them as we find them: authoritarian, traditional, deeply religious, subject to the kinds of instabilities characteristic of personal autocracies. These last include periodic rebellions, chronic succession crises, and complicated, personal rivalries, all of which have culminated repeatedly in war. To the traditional sources of instability and conflict have been added modern weapons and ideologies, secular education, communication, transportation, oil, Israel, and the Soviet ambitions. These new elements have exacerbated rivalries and conflicts, extending both their scope and intensity. They are the conditions and the limits for our relationships with the region and the nations that comprise it.

It is easy to infer from the reality of Arab identity—based on what my Georgetown University colleague Michael Hudson terms "ethnicity and religion"—an assumption that there is unity among Arabs. Nothing could be more mistaken. Arab nations remain profoundly divided among themselves and frequently within their own borders as well.

Iraq is enmeshed in a seemingly endless war with Iran. *Libya*'s Qaddafi has stepped up his violent campaign to spread Islamic radicalism through North Africa and the Middle East, has invaded Chad outright, and is involved in a criminal assault against the Sudan.

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Syria, whose 25,000 troops more often disturb the peace in Lebanon than enforce it, is threatened internally by pressures from fundamentalist Sunni Moslems and also by intense hostility from Iraq. *Lebanon*, meanwhile, has almost succumbed to the complicated and violent struggles among Maronites and Moslems, Syria and Israel, the P.L.O. and the Haddad forces protecting the Christian and Shiite enclave in the south. The government of *Morocco* is challenged by the violent demands of the Polisario. In 1979, the regime in *Saudi Arabia* was the object of an attempted coup by an unholy alliance of religious extremists and political radicals. Even more than Saudi Arabia, the government of *Jordan* has felt the destabilizing effects of radical politics introduced into the area under the cover of Palestinian nationalism. Although Jordan expelled Palestinian guerrillas after the conflict of 1970-71, the effects of Palestinian radicalism on Jordan's politics remain strong. Nearby, *Iran* teeters on the brink of anarchy; the fanatical theocrat who replaced the Shah has managed to hold onto power in the midst of a mind-boggling carnage. Executions, bombings, and war have devastated Iran's polity and economy. But still the Ayatollah Khomeini hangs on, snuffing out lives like the mad Queen of Hearts in *Alice in Wonderland*. And of course the threat of Soviet expansion hangs over the entire region. Soviet armies on the borders of Iran, like Cubans in "Democratic" Yemen, threaten the independence of all nations in the region.

In sum, war, assassinations, coups, ethnic separatism, religious fundamentalism, secular revolutionaries, and the Soviet appetite disturb the peace of the Arab world. And we have not even come to Israel.

IN NEED of a unifying factor—beyond language and religion—around which peoples of the region can coalesce, many Arabs have associated themselves with the cause of radical Palestinian nationalism. This cause is closely related to, but not quite identical with, hostility to the state of Israel.

"It is difficult to emphasize sufficiently the importance of the Palestine issue for the politics of legitimacy in the Arab world," Michael Hudson wrote in his book *Arab Politics*. Most scholars would agree. In the decades since the establishment of Israel, the Palestine issue has undergone a subtle change. A myth has been built on the foundation of the genuine problem of Palestinian refugees: the myth that the Palestinian problem is the barrier, in Hudson's words "to the integration of the Arab homeland." Alongside this myth has developed the extraordinary belief that *only* the presence of Israel stands in the way of achieving Arab unity and integration, and peace and stability in the Middle East.

Although this is patently false, it is not surprising that Israel should have become a special object of hostility in this region filled with hostilities. Israel is modern in the midst of traditional societies; democratic in the midst of authoritarian societies; egalitarian in the midst of class-based societies; Jewish in the midst of Moslem cultures. And its ties to the United States and the West stand as both a problem and a provocation to Soviet appetites in the region.

In this Arab world where faith and politics are linked, traditionalists and radicals, Saudis and Libyans can unite in hostility against the state of Israel—whose right to exist they deny, whose very existence they refuse even to acknowledge, whose name they refuse to utter, calling Israel instead the "Zionist entity" or the "deformed Zionist entity." Not only has Palestinian nationalism become centrally identified with pan-Arab nationalism, but the P.L.O., using fair means and foul, has won wide acceptance as *the* spokesman for Palestinian rights and interests. The P.L.O. preaches a brand of Palestinian nationalism and radical politics that links the struggle for the destruction of Israel to the triumph of violent, Soviet-sponsored revolutionaries in Nicaragua, El Salvador, Africa, the Middle East—indeed, everywhere. Moreover, the P.L.O. has linked the destruction of Israel to the Soviets' global agenda. No wonder the Kremlin has now added to its supply of military hardware for the P.L.O. the prize of full diplomatic status.

The P.L.O. wins acceptance from modern Arab nations because their leaders have been persuaded that the link between faith and politics calls for the destruction of Israel, and the P.L.O. is the group most militantly dedicated to that cause. The P.L.O. is more than an instrument of Palestinian nationalism: it not only declines to recognize Israel, it is committed, as it reaffirmed in 1980, "to liquidate the Zionist entity, politically, economically, militarily, culturally, ideologically." The ideological appeal of *jihad*—which provides a certain sense of Arab unity—is reinforced by terror, selectively, effectively, and ruthlessly employed. The ideology that links faith, politics, the destruction of Israel, and Palestinian nationalism is continually reinforced by violence and fear. Note, however, that the same linkage covertly commits traditional Arab rulers to strengthening the radical forces, which are carriers of revolutionary politics hostile to their own survival. The P.L.O. thus enlists traditional Arab rulers in their own destruction. Never has the dialectical "cunning of history" operated more clearly to enlist the powerful in the struggle for their own undoing.

THIS BRIEF overview of the dynamics of Middle East politics makes clear, I hope, not only that there are multiple political and military problems in the region which are unrelated to the P.L.O. or the Israel/Arab problems, but also that there exist at least three urgent major problems for U.S. policy to address:

First, an appetite-control problem: preventing Soviet belligerence from leading—on the model of Afghanistan—to the straightforward invasion or occupation or incorporation by other means of ad-

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ditional Moslem lands into the Soviet empire.

Second, strengthening regimes friendly to, or at least compatible with, U.S. interests—for their sake and ours. Reinforcing moderate Arab governments should enhance regional order and help prevent the transformation of such regimes into hostile ones. This problem is *not* identical with discouraging Soviet expansion. The Ayatollah Khomeini is neither a client of the U.S.S.R. nor a friend of the U.S.

Third, protecting Israel against its sworn enemies. The U.S. is tied to Israel by many factors: by security interests (it is the only state in the region that *welcomes* U.S. bases); by common values (it is the only functioning democracy in the area); by honor (we have repeatedly sworn to protect its right to survive); by the fact of membership in a single ancient community of values. Protecting our civilization's values and institutions commits us to protecting Israel. Failure to do so would compromise the moral basis of our foreign and national security policy.

AMERICAN POLICY must be based on the fact that the primary obstacle to peace has been the refusal of Arab governments to recognize the right of Israel to exist. This was the issue that separated Sadat from his "rejectionist" Arab brothers. This was the issue that separated Sadat from the P.L.O. And, of course, this is the issue that Israel cannot compromise and that no friend can ask it to compromise.

The political importance of Anwar Sadat was that he pointed the way to positive answers to all these problems. A devout Moslem, a revolutionary leader, and a friend of the United States *and* of Israel, Sadat embodied a solution to all these major policy problems confronting the U.S. Because he was also a man of extraordinary personal courage, honor, and vision, his message was all the more powerful. Anwar Sadat demonstrated, with dignity and grace, an alternate way of being a serious Moslem dedicatd to the Arab cause and committed also to a solution to the Palestinian problem.

He reminded us that the cause of the Palestinians is not identical with the cause of the P.L.O. Sadat honored the one, rejected the other. He understood that dealing with the P.L.O. cannot lead to a solution of the Palestinian problem, because such an approach was not compatible with a stable regional order. Finally, Sadat established that to be a good Moslem it is not necessary to be hostile to Israel. He illustrated to a disbelieving world that it is possible simultaneously to be a good friend of the U.S., to live at peace with Israel, and to remain a modernizing, revolutionary, nationalist Moslem leader.

This alternate model of nationalist Arab leadership may have cost Sadat his life. Certainly the peace process initiated by Sadat, Menachem Begin, and the United States constitutes a threat to the war process from which our common adversaries profit. But the bullets that can kill men cannot kill visions. Sadat's vision—and ours—is of regional order based on respect for the independence and security of all nations.

SADAT'S ENEMIES loved to pretend that he had betrayed "the" Arab cause when he made a separate peace; and, reinforced by confusion, fanaticism, anti-Semitism, and terror, this charge was potent enough to produce a diplomatic boycott that stretched from Morocco to the Soviet border. In fact, Sadat never abandoned the Palestinian cause.

If the Camp David peace process is to move forward, if peace compatible with Israel's security—indeed her survival—is to be had, it is crucial to be clear about what Sadat did and intended. Sadat struck an extraordinary deal. It involved Israel's returning all occupied Egyptian land, including Sharm el-Sheikh and its naval base, the three strategically important airfields in eastern Sinai, and the oil fields developed by Israel—all in return for what? For the acceptance through normal diplomatic relations of Israel's right to exist and survive. Nothing more, nothing less. For this Sadat was ostracized. For this, Arab nations broke diplomatic relations with Egypt, boycotted Sadat's funeral, and—in the case of many—rejoiced at his death.

The issues that divided Egypt and Israel were thorny; those that divide Israel and her other neighbors are thornier still. As we set about advancing peace in the post-Sadat era, it is vital that we bear this in mind.

Anwar Sadat struck out in new directions. But to his dying day he insisted that his separate peace did not imply indifference to Palestinian aspirations and well-being. He insisted that the P.L.O. was not the custodian of Palestinian aspirations; that Israel's existence was not incompatible with Arab self-fulfillment; and that frank friendship with the U.S. was the route to regional order, national independence, and economic development in the Middle East. What is most needed now is that other Arab leaders match Sadat's courage, originality, and tolerance.

It is shocking that, so soon after his death, influential Americans should be proposing solutions that would take us down the pathway Sadat scorned. It is especially shocking that they should suggest negotiating with the deadliest enemies of peace in the area. These individuals should be aware that the path they propose will only add to the Soviet Union's capacity to foment troubles. Powerful forces hostile to U.S. interests and Israel's survival are at work today diminishing Sadat's legacy. It is the job of all who honor his achievements to remember well and think clearly about his example.

COMING
Foxes In The Chicken Coop.

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El Salvador sure looks different from down there.

THE VENEZUELAN HERESY

BY MORTON KONDRACKE

LIBERAL conventional wisdom in the United States is that El Salvador is a quagmire in which the Reagan Administration already has us ankle-deep. The civil war is thought to be the inevitable—even desirable—consequence of historic cruelty and injustice by the ruling oligarchy. Communists may be leading the armed insurgency and receiving aid from Communist countries, but that is considered beside the point: violence in El Salvador still is overwhelmingly perpetrated by government security forces that are beyond the control of the country's nominal civilian leadership. President José Napoleon Duarte is dismissed as a figurehead—at best, an idealistic fool; at worst, a knowing tool of the oligarchy—who is causing mischief by providing a facade of respectability to an otherwise corrupt regime. Land reform is considered either part of the facade or else a too little and too late attempt to salvage the rotten system. Duarte's proposed elections are certainly just a ploy to gain legitimacy.

And (the liberal wisdom continues) the Reagan Administration, fixated on (and almost certainly exaggerating) Communist involvement in the struggle, is pouring in arms and advisers to the government side, determined to win a military victory. In liberal catechism, this will only prolong and compound the tragedy, and may even lead to a wider war in Central America involving the rightist regimes in Honduras and Guatemala against leftist Nicaragua and assorted Cuban-aided guerrilla groups, possibly spilling over into peaceful Costa Rica. This generalized war might even lead to direct U.S. involvement in fulfillment of the Administration's threat to "go to the source" in Cuba.

To avoid all this, it's accepted liberal wisdom that the U.S. should take the advice of Mexico, a country much closer to the struggle than the U.S. is, and push for a negotiated settlement between right and left. And, if that does not work, if it comes down to a choice between the leftists and the government, then again we probably should take the advice of Mexico, France, and the Socialist International, and root for the left. We may not like the outcome, but it beats repeating Vietnam.

This logic is so widely disseminated, validated, and revalidated by academics, church groups, and much of the U.S. press that it comes as something of a shock to find that there are democracies in Latin America that actually support not only the government of El Salvador but also the Reagan Administration policy there. Foremost among these is Venezuela, whose President, Luis Herrera Campins, used his address at the United Nations to denounce "some democratic countries" (he meant France and Mexico) for "attempting to impart an undeserved respectability to groups devoted to terrorism, and play the game of those who present as moral equals the side making efforts to offer a political opening through elections . . . and the side of those undertaking to prevent such a process. Believing that they are facilitating peace, they may institutionalize war on Central American soil." Eleven Latin countries have taken positions similar to Venezuela's, four of them fellow democracies.

Herrera continued, in a speech not widely reported in the U.S. when it was given on September 21: "My government has offered support to the government of President Napoleon Duarte, on the basis of its solemn promise to allow the Salvadoran people to elect their government. This is done in support of freedom and peace, and not of any given tendency or group. . . . Venezuelans believe in and practice democracy. We do not attempt to impose our own values and concepts of society on anyone, but we know that freedom is the road of history."

Venezuela is indeed a democracy, and it's significant that when Herrera made his speech, he was accompanied at the U.N. by the founder of Venezuelan democracy, Rómulo Betancourt, who died a few days later. I happened to be in Venezuela during the week of Betancourt's funeral (disclosure statement: the trip was paid for by the Venezuelan government) and am persuaded that its government's views on El Salvador deserve more attention than they've received in the U.S. so far.

That is true, in part, because of Venezuela's history. This country's democrats, led by Betancourt, had to overthrow military dictatorships to gain power, and then defeat both Castroite insurgents and rightist hit squads to keep it. It's instructive to interview former Communist guerrillas now serving in Venezuela's

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Congress on the reasons they were defeated. First, they say, Betancourt focused military activity against them, sparing the population and preventing it from become radicalized. Next, he instituted land and other economic reforms which denied them a social base in the population. And finally, Betancourt remained firmly committed to democracy—and convinced the Venezuelan establishment and military to support it, too—so that the rebels could not organize around the issue of political repression. When Betancourt's party, the Acción Democratica, was defeated in the 1968 elections by the opposition C.O.P.E.I. (Social Christians), it peacefully handed over power, maintaining a democratic pattern that has continued without interruption for 23 years.

VENEZUELA'S views deserve to be heard at least as much as those of Mexico, which is both less democratic internally and less principled in its foreign policy. Mexico romanticizes its own revolutionary tradition, and in world forums denounces imperialism and aligns itself with third-world revolutionaries. At home, however, it is a one-party state ruled by a privileged elite that allows wide disparities of income to exist. The Mexican ruling class seems to calculate that if it talks a left-wing game, rails at the U.S., and gives aid and comfort to leftist movements abroad, it can continue to enrich itself in trade across the Rio Grande, pursue right-wing social and economic policies, and still keep its domestic leftist elements under control. It also seems to think that if Mexico helps Communist guerrillas take over Central America, Mexico itself will be allowed—on account of good behavior—to keep its social and political system intact.

By comparison, Venezuela's foreign policy is refreshingly forthright: it opposes dictatorships of both the right and left, and it favors overcoming insurgents by a two-pronged policy of military action and social change. As one of Venezuela's top foreign policy experts put it in an interview: "El Salvador is a key example for all of Central America. A political solution there will stop the radical streams of both right and left elsewhere. At this moment, cooperation between the army and the democratic forces there shows possibilities. If civilians and the military can work toward a democratic solution and social change, that is the best means for political stability and for defeating the guerrillas militarily and politically."

Another major factor, said this Venezuelan official, is the role of Nicaragua, which is progressively throttling opposition groups and building up a 50,000-man army—the biggest in Central America. "This is contrary to all the deepest economic interests of Nicaragua's people, and the equipment Nicaragua is getting is not for defense, but offense. It's creating a feeling of war-worry in other countries. We are convinced that since Nicaragua is aligned with Vietnam, Cuba, and the Soviet Union, it is intent on creating problems in other countries, not on finding solutions. The guerrilla movement in El Salvador keeps going for three basic reasons: logistic support from Nicaragua, political and military support from Cuba, and economic aid from Mexico."

Meanwhile, this official said, electoral processes are going forward in Honduras, Guatemala, El Salvador, and Costa Rica. "If Honduras can have a democratic election in November, if El Salvador can hold elections, and Guatemala can take steps toward democracy, the Nicaraguans will be isolated. They will be seen in Latin America as the ones moving away from elections and pressing against pluralism."

The Venezuelans also are worried about Costa Rica, "the Switzerland of Latin America," because "it is not only a country without an army, but a country with conditions ripe for destabilizing influences that could overturn the system—economic problems and also corruption. This panorama would not be so difficult if Mexico behaved differently. It has great political weight because of its tremendous size, but this country has no clear foreign policy toward Central America. Mexico prefers to keep guerrilla movements outside its own country, so it supports them outside. This won't work, but what's worse is that French and Mexican recognition has made the guerrillas internationally respectable. Up to then, only Nicaragua and Cuba had supported them."

The Venezuelans have little use for European Socialists who come dabbling in Latin American politics. "One after another, they tell us that the solution is a coalition government between the guerrillas and the military. That's how much they know about Latin America. Behind their backs, the Latins just laugh at them."

IF THERE is hope for El Salvador, the Venezuelans think it lies with the conversion of the military. "There is no possibility of a political solution without the military. In the past, the military has been the muscle of the oligarchy in all these countries. For it to support democratic regimes would be a real change. This is happening in El Salvador and in Honduras. There are people in the army who want to find democratic ways, even if American newspapers like the *Washington Post* don't recognize it."

According to both Venezuelan and U.S. officials, documented cases of official violence have been cut substantially this year in El Salvador, and land reform is going forward despite attacks from both right and left. But does Duarte control the military? One Venezuelan official said, "Rather than talk about who controls whom, what you can see is increasing cooperation between the civilians and the military. They are much more integrated toward a common goal. They know that a military victory is not going to be easy without political reform, and the civilians know it's not possible to get a political victory without the military.

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Duarte has much more prestige in the military than he did before."

Among Venezuelan officials, especially those in the C.O.P.E.I. party, José Napoleon Duarte is a democratic hero, a kind of junior Rómulo Betancourt. The Venezuelans even point to similar wounds that the two suffered in the name of democracy—Betancourt, severely burned on the face and hands by a car bomb planted on orders from rightist dictator Rafael Trujillo of the Dominican Republic, and Duarte, tortured and beaten by the military, losing parts of his fingers and having his face smashed by a rifle butt. And, politically, says one official, "Duarte's way is the only way for Central America—or else, the Cuban way. If you really believe in democracy, Duarte is the only way." There may be democrats among the leftist opposition, the Venezuelans say, but they do not have the guns. "The guerrilla chiefs say nothing about democratic participation," President Herrera said in a press conference here that I attended. In Venezuela and elsewhere in Latin America, the top echelon of El Salvador's armed guerrilla movement has a reputation for holding political views akin to those of Cambodia's Pol Pot.

To American liberals who distrust the motives of the Reagan Administration, it will be reassuring to know that the Venezuelans are not knee-jerk supporters of U.S. policy. "In the beginning," President Herrera said, "there was an excessive use of threats which led many to fear there was an intent [in Washington] to return to the use of force, as in the 1920s, which aroused so much anger against the U.S. But the situation seems attenuated as a result of statements made lately. U.S. policy is not entirely clear." Other top officials say they have been persuaded by U.S. officials that the Administration is quietly working on military officers in Central America, trying to persuade them to support democracy. "I believe your government is looking for a democratic solution in the area, and not just a military one," said one top official. I am convinced that the Venezuelans mean well and deserve to be listened to on that account. I also hope they are right about the region they live in, and about the intentions of the U.S. government.

Ronald Steel and Leon Wieseltier
on a suddenly powerful movement.

A Neutral Europe?

The sources of neutralism . . .

By Ronald Steel

THERE DOESN'T SEEM to be much that the U.S. can do these days to reassure its nervous European allies that Papa knows best. When Ronald Reagan casually observed that nuclear bombs could fall on Europe while leaving the U.S. unscathed—"I could see where you could have the exchange of tactical weapons against troops in the field without it bringing either one of the major powers to pushing the button"—he was simply saying what everyone has known all along. Which is that no one knows what would happen if a war broke out in Europe.

But for Europeans, understandably fidgety over the thousands of nuclear weapons on their territory, and the prospect of far bigger ones soon to come, the President's statement seemed to confirm longstanding fears. To many Europeans, nuclear weapons, even in the hands of their American protector, seem to offer more threat than protection. Behind the U.S. demand for new long-range missiles in Western Europe, they see a scenario in which the superpowers would test their nuclear mettle in Europe.

Last month's mammoth demonstration in Bonn, where about a quarter-million people gathered to carry banners reading "Reagan's Peace is Our Death," and to demand withdrawal from NATO, was by no means a radical left affair. The assembled students, professors, and clergymen denounced the Russians as well as the Americans. The rally, the biggest ever held in West Germany, brought together some 830 organizations and was endorsed by 58 members of Parliament of the ruling Social Democratic Party, including a former member of Chancellor Helmut Schmidt's own Cabinet.

The Bonn demonstration—which was echoed soon afterward in London, Paris, Brussels, and Rome—was triggered by the Reagan Administration's announcement that the United States would produce and stockpile the neutron, or "enhanced radiation," bomb. The

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problem for Europeans is that this weapon is designed specifically for use on the European front. This might logically have given them some say in the matter; but the Administration did not think it worth consulting them in advance. Even the Secretary General of NATO, the veteran hard-liner Joseph Luns, was so miffed that he took the unusual step of publicly rebuking Washington for its lack of tact. Others were more pointed, and suggested that U.S. strategy would turn Europe into a nuclear battlefield.

THE ADMINISTRATION has other bomb problems as well. It wants to deploy 572 long-range nuclear weapons—Pershing IIs and cruise missiles—in Western Europe. These missiles would be targeted on Soviet sites, and would presumably counter the 320-odd giant SS-20 missiles the Soviets have aimed at Western Europe. Unfortunately for Washington, a good many Europeans feel that these U.S. missiles would draw Soviet fire without offering any additional security. Chancellor Schmidt agreed to provide a home for nearly half the new missiles on German soil, if some other continental NATO members went along. But now Holland and Belgium show signs of backing out. The European mood has changed. Neutralism is on the rise. Schmidt is beleaguered, and his power base is eroding as his own party moves toward nuclear disengagement if not outright neutralism.

The problem is not Schmidt's alone. A powerful neutralist tide is sweeping through Europe, from Britain, Scandinavia, the Lowlands, and Germany, and now into Greece with the victory of the Panhellenic Socialist Movement in the Greek elections on October 18. (See "Papandreou to Power," by Roy Macridis, TNR, November 4.) The new Prime Minister, Andreas Papandreou, will probably not pull Greece out of NATO and shut down the American bases, despite his campaign pledges. But he will be an uncooperative ally. Britain could follow suit if Labour were to return to power. At its recent conference the British Labour Party approved by a large majority a resolution to remove both U.S. nuclear weapons and U.S. bases. Michael Foot, who will become Prime Minister if Labour wins, continues to declare his allegiance to unilateral nuclear disarmament.

Two parallel events clearly are taking place in Europe. First, Europeans are expressing a growing opposition to a defense strategy based primarily on nuclear weapons. Second, they are frustrated over their dependency on a protector whose policies they cannot control and whose actions they often find irresponsible. Never mind that this dependency is largely of their own doing. It is real, and we have encouraged it.

What can be done about it? Some of the discontent can be mitigated by better American management of the alliance and by greater sensitivity to European anxieties. Washington policymakers, regardless of which party is in power, have a tendency to take the European allies for granted, to pat them on the head when they are meek, and bully them when they start expressing their own opinions. If Reagan is supposed to be a communicator, we would do well to use his skills in communicating with the Europeans. That is, if he has anything to communicate that they want to hear. This is the other part of the problem. Europe is resentful of the U.S. because Europe is weak; and it is weak not because it is poor, but because it is too contentious and comfortable to be strong. That is Europe's problem. But it is our own too, if we want to keep the alliance together.

The fissures run deep, but the crisis over weapons is making them far deeper. Is this crisis really necessary? First there is the neutron bomb. The theory is that these weapons, by irradiating Soviet tank crews, can overcome Russia's tank advantage on the Western front. Some of Western Europe would be blown up in the process, but not nearly so much as if high-destruction nuclear weapons were used. But even if the neutron bomb makes some sense technologically, would it be lethal politically? For Europeans an anti-tank strategy based on neutron weapons lowers the nuclear threshold. It makes it far more likely that any conflict on the continent would immediately escalate to a full-scale nuclear exchange. The medicine seems worse than the disease.

IS THERE any alternative to a potentially disastrous first use of atomic weapons? Certainly. One alternative is to beef up the West's own tank forces so that the Soviets won't have such a lopsided superiority. If the Germans can gridlock the streets of Beverly Hills and Riyadh with Mercedes, they can, along with the French, the British, and the Italians, build as many tanks as the Russians. Another alternative is to develop a better non-nuclear anti-tank weapon. In fact, we already have developed them. The U.S. today has precision-guided missiles which a single soldier can fire from a distance of two miles and destroy a tank. These weapons cost less than $50,000 each, compared to about one million dollars each for a neutron bomb. They do not damage anything but the target they hit, and they do not irradiate the countryside. The Pentagon is now developing laser-guided missiles that can be fired from conventional artillery pieces. These missiles have scored first-round hits 83 percent of the time. Such weapons, as defense analyst Peter Zimmerman has pointed out in the *Los Angeles Times*, will force Soviet tanks to disperse exactly as if they were confronted with a nuclear defense. The neutron bomb is clearly not a military necessity, but rather a military option. And its political cost may far exceed its military worth.

Neutrons are only half the bomb problem. The other half is the so-called "theater nuclear forces" for the aforementioned 572 nuclear-armed Pershing II

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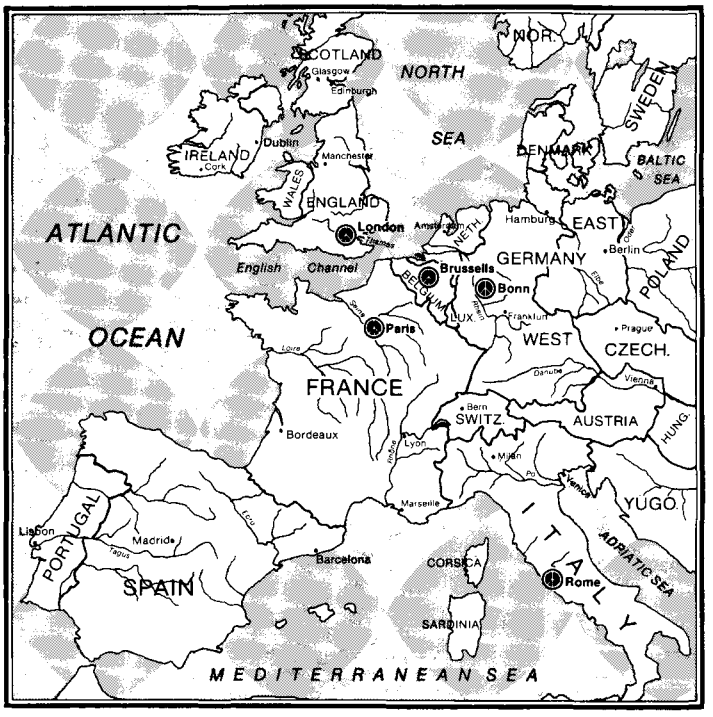
and cruise missiles. Even though two years ago NATO agreed to house the weapons, most of the allies (particularly the Germans, who were stuck with nearly half of them) felt that they would never actually have to do it. The weapons were supposed to be a bargaining chip. NATO would *threaten* to deploy the missiles in order to induce the Soviets to dismantle their SS-20s. The TNF would be linked to the soon-to-be-negotiated arms limitation accord—that is, to SALT II.

Well, we know what happened to that. SALT II died on the vine, a victim of cold war fundamentalists, the Carter Administration's political ineptitude, and the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. The West Europeans have been left with exactly the opposite of what they wanted. Instead of using the specter of a possible TNF to get the SS-20s removed, they are now likely to be stuck with the TNF and an even bigger SS-20 force to counter it. Even this might be tolerable to the Europeans if the U.S. had really tried to negotiate a nuclear arms accord with the Soviets. But the Reagan Administration has shown little interest in the issue, though it has agreed to begin arms talks later this month. European anxieties have not been assuaged by the fact that the new head of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, Eugene Rostow, was one of SALT II's most vociferous critics.



MAP OF DEMONSTRATION SITES BY KENNETH GRADY FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

It may be that the Soviets will not be willing to pull out their SS-20s under any conditions. But the Reagan Administration would have been in a far stronger position to get the Europeans to take TNF if it had first engaged in good faith negotiations. As it is, U.S. policy and the pronouncements of key Administration officials have merely reinforced fears that the U.S. is not interested in any kind of arms accord that does not ensure U.S. strategic superiority.

Lowering the nuclear threshold, as TNF and the neutron bomb seem to do, frightens the Europeans. Nuclear war is more likely to break out, they fear, if the U.S. and the Soviet Union think they can confine such a war to European territory while sparing their own. Pentagon strategies for a "limited" war on the Western front do not encourage them. "When they talk of a limited war," the chairman of the British Labour party said at his party's conference, "they mean limited to us." This echoes sentiments voiced two decades ago by General Charles de Gaulle in France.

For de Gaulle the moral was that France should have its own nuclear deterrent, and that Europe should be more independent of America. For the British Labourites and their counterparts in Germany and elsewhere on the continent, the argument takes a more anti-nuclear cast. The current mood in Europe has overtones of the ban-the-bomb movements of the 1950s in Britain. The anti-nuclear base, for whatever reason, is largely in Protestant rather than in Catholic Europe, along the North Sea rather than the Mediterranean. Politicians have followed this mood more than they have led or focused it.

Behind the anti-nuclear sentiments—sentiments which are easily underestimated by Americans who have never seen their homeland occupied or destroyed in war—lie deeper wells of neutralism and anti-Americanism. Some of this is beyond the ability of the United States to control. It results from a dependency that Europe has outgrown economically, but not militarily or psychologically. Europeans want to be protected by the United States, but they don't want to feel dependent. They resent the loss of control over their own destiny, and they fear that at any moment they may be obliterated by a trigger-happy America and a belligerent Russia.

But much of the reason for the rise of European neutralism can be found in the Reagan Administration's own policies. It has tried to shove the Europeans into line, dismissing their nuclear anxieties as casually as it dismisses the plight of the disadvantaged at home. It considers naive their desire for an arms limitation accord with the Soviets. And it fails to recognize the political havoc it is causing in West Germany, where its own actions are serving to undermine the pro-U.S. Schmidt government and fortify anti-American and even ultra-nationalist forces. Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger has said that the demonstrators should be taken seriously, but that their protests are "the wrong way to get the result we all want—no war." In a single-minded effort to beef up NATO's military power, the Administration is neglecting diplomacy and providing the ammunition that could destroy the alliance.

Europe has not yet moved toward neutralism, but the elements are there. "Many millions still loyal to the

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alliance and highly dependent on the American connection sum up current American policies and find more risk there than protection," Thomas Hughes writes in the Fall 1981 issue of *Foreign Policy*. "If the alliance is not to become a victim of its own disintegrative tendencies, it will have to become a vehicle for the opening up of ideologically closed circuits." This means behaving as a member of an alliance and not merely as an abused parent who always knows best, of tempering a cowboy view of the world with a sensitivity to others who also have a vital stake in the game. The Atlantic alliance was not meant to last forever. But unless Reagan starts listening to what is happening in Europe, it might not survive his Administration.

. . . and its moral bankruptcy.

By Leon Wieseltier

AN OLD IDEA of Europe's is loose again, the idea that it is noble to be neutral. The sentiment is spreading—in England, Germany, Holland, Italy, and elsewhere—that in the struggle between democracy and totalitarianism it is morally meritorious to have no position. No position! The most successful system of human enslavement in history is just to the east; it is plainly eager to extend its reach; it has manufactured a military machine, more powerful than any in the world, for exactly that end—and hundreds of thousands of Europeans proudly proclaim that it is, to them, a matter of no consequence. The neutralist movement suggests again that European man is invertebrate.

The causes of this contraction of will deserve to be examined. The struggle between democracy and totalitarianism is, in the world of nations, the struggle between the United States and the Soviet Union. In Western Europe, then, neutralism is a species of anti-Americanism. More precisely, it is founded on the belief that it makes no difference who wins, because both sides are more or less the same. That is neutralism's thesis. Corporate capitalism is like state capitalism, the radicals argue; Utah State Penitentiary is like the Gulag; the "ruling class" is like the Party; and so on. It is hard to know what to do about such blindness. (These people cannot tell the difference between an eclipse of the moon and an eclipse of the sun. Here, we lose a little light; there, all is dark.) There were those on the left who argued, 40 years ago, that it mattered nothing if Churchill won, or Hitler. A new generation no less privileged is no less deluded. Europe's problem is no longer terrorism; it is timidity. The angry crowds in Europe's capitals have a horror of America. They do not understand that it is the power of the United States that makes possible the newest Fassbinder.

The moral prestige of neutralism has another cause, which is its confusion, in the minds of many, with the anti-nuclear movement. There is no doubt that the campaign to reduce, limit, and abolish nuclear weapons is the moral priority of all mankind, a priority that is, or should be, above politics. But the neutralists are not against nuclear weapons; they are against all weapons. They oppose not only bombs but tanks. They agitate against the expenditures necessary for the conventional forces that make Europe secure. And they wash their hands not only of military combat but of ideological combat. They call for unilateral disarmament, a disgraceful idea produced by people who think so little of themselves that they believe in nothing except life. (What makes them so sure that once they lay down their own missiles no missiles will ever fall?) It is not a holocaust that the neutralists wish to avoid, it is a defense. For that reason they are, as Orwell would have said, "objectively" pro-Soviet, whatever their views. The human race may owe its future to those who make the call for multilateral nuclear disarmament, but those who make the call for neutrality are, wittingly or not, the instruments of Soviet foreign policy.

The reluctance of so many Europeans to defend themselves is not conscientious objection. It is cowardice, and something more. It is an expression of the notion that there is no such thing as a just war. The churches, most vocally in Holland, often make that point, and blame it on the nuclear age. But once again the problem is not exclusively nuclear. For the young of Europe the just war was discredited not so much by Hiroshima as by Vietnam, particularly by the dirty way the war was fought. The argument is heard, as it was 40 years ago, that to defeat the enemy you have to become like the enemy; and so the enemy is not Russia, or Germany—it is war. To a certain extent, that is true. The toll that may be demanded for continuing to live as we do would be staggering, and there are no clean wars. But the purity of which the neutralists speak is no better. The pure usually perish, or defect. Wars are not won by surviving, but by surviving as you are. But to survive as you are, you must believe in what you are. You must believe that you have something to lose. The hatred of all things military is a sign that you do not. Military adventures, because of the terrible arsenal that may now be employed, are surely crimes, but not every military action is an adventure. There have been wars that had to be fought.

It is especially shocking to find the notion of a just war challenged in Europe, where the most just war of all was made. Yet this is typical of the neutralists' attitude toward the past. Briefly, they would like to forget it. This is true, naturally, of the Germans, who

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have the most to remember. German neutralists portray their country as the sorry victim of the superpowers, as the battlefield unfairly chosen by the wicked nuclear imperialists. Not exactly. If the Federal Republic of Germany now has the Russians at its throat, that is because the Germans tried, a few decades ago, to conquer the world, and failed. They owe their tender place on the map not to the cold war, but to the world war. They would not save themselves from tyranny in those days, and there are growing numbers who would not save themselves in these.

The Americans saved them, with the help of the unbowed among them. That is what the neutralists, and not only in Germany, most want to forget. They protest that they are not willing to die in America's war. But the landscape of Europe is dotted with the graves of Americans who died in Europe's war. The indifference to history of these European idealists is an insult to "the ghosts that still deploy upon the fields of France" (the words are Woodrow Wilson's). An insult, and a grave historical error. They do not understand why the ghosts are there, why the Americans died away from home. They died there precisely because it was not Europe's war; it was America's war—or, more correctly, it was all our war. World War II is the proper historical context for the present predicament in Europe because it brought into being one of the essential ideas of our time, which it is the declared aim of neutralism to retire: the idea of the alliance.

THE PROPER retort to neutralism is a moral interpretation of NATO. Such an interpretation is not frequently made. NATO is commonly perceived just in political terms, and crudely: as a collection of small nations cowed by the United States into serving its interests, as the humiliating price of Europe's postwar weakness, as the counterpart of the Warsaw Pact. But NATO is the geopolitical expression of a profound moral community. It is not an artificial thing, like the Warsaw Pact, whose members are united by a fear of their friend. NATO's members are united by a fear of their enemy. They are united, in other words, by a set of ideals and institutions and it is a natural unity, because these are ideals and institutions that only they, and a few others, possess. (The slow death of the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization and the Central Treaty Organization demonstrated that a genuine alliance is founded on ideals, and not merely on interests.) The neutralists have tried to construe NATO as primarily a military organization, with no basis except in the defense industries of its members. That is a pernicious lie. NATO is in the hands of generals, but its generals are not in their own hands. They are mandated by governments freely chosen by peoples. And these governments cannot for very long spend more money on weapons than their people want them to. Not so the government of the Soviet Union, whose defense budget requires nobody's approval. Brezhnev has no need for boll weevils.

Staying above the struggle is not a spiritual triumph; it is a spiritual collapse. It represents a loss of interest in some of the most fundamental questions of human existence. To these questions the totalitarians and the democrats have given their answers, and they cannot both be right. And the questions—what are men's rights? how ought human beings to live together?—must be answered. The neutralists, however, would leave them hanging. This amounts to a denial of the philosophical urgency of life. It is a flight from meaning—nothing less. For that reason it is also a flight from politics, because politics as pictured by the neutralists is nothing more than a cynical competition for power. They do not see that there are philosophical stakes in political systems. They find no principles in the forms of human association. Neutralism is not evil; it is hollow. And it is not treason; it is weakness. It is a deformation of character that has acquired the dimensions of a mass movement.

PERHAPS THE most lamentable effect of neutralism will be to have made anti-communism appear to require a nuclear arms race. There is a school of anti-Communists, led prominently by Richard Pipes, for which that is so. Resisting the Russians, however, does not require rethinking the unthinkable. It requires a firmness in all our military and diplomatic means, precisely to prevent the button from being pushed. Freedom can be defended without blowing up the world, except according to the neutralists. They behave as if we must choose, sooner or later, between dictatorship and death. (The nuclear doctrine of many Europeans, incidentally, is not very high-minded. In the event of a Russian attack on Europe with tactical nuclear weapons, they say, retaliation should come not from tactical nuclear weapons in Europe, but from strategic nuclear weapons in the United States. A third world war, that is. Rain the bombs upon anyone but them.) The neutralist choice, however, is unacceptable. There is a middle way, as some Western leaders know. The rehabilitation of America's armed forces by the present Administration is an act of responsibility, exactly as its laxness about nuclear proliferation and arms limitation is not. The real contradiction, in fact, is between arms control and neutralism. For how can you care to live so much, and not care how? The neutralists fret about a future, but not about what it will hold. They fear for their children, though they would leave them in chains. They are visionaries without love.

These are the fallacies of the fortunate. The neutralists want peace, but they have had peace. Only decades of physical safety could have produced such a fervent desire for self-destruction. The peace that Europe has enjoyed for a generation it owes to its preparedness for war. And the war that may one day befall Europe it will owe, at least in part, to this dream of an abject peace.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Ladykiller

Three themes predominate in François Truffaut: love of children, love of being in love with women, and women's murder of men. A few of his films have little to do with these themes—e.g., *Fahrenheit 451* and *The Last Metro*—which may be why they are not among his successes, but most of them deal with one or another of his main motifs. It's one of the oddities of film history that a filmmaker so lyrically subscribed to the adoration of women, whose feeling for them so deftly blends wide-eyed wonder with sexual heat, should also so often link those feelings with the killing of men by women. If it isn't death, it's disaster, as in *Such A Gorgeous Kid Like Me*, but often it's death, as in *The Bride Wore Black*, *The Soft Skin*, and, of course, that beautifully decorated account of a raging psychopath, *Jules and Jim*. As I've noted before, we mustn't overlook the fact that Truffaut's autobiographical first feature, *The 400 Blows*, is about a boy whose mother betrays his father and who has ambivalent feelings toward her son.

The Woman Next Door
(United Artists Classics)

Time Bandits
(Avco Embassy)

Truffaut's latest film, *The Woman Next Door*, is once again about loving that ends with killing by the woman. (Love of children is present, too, but not prominent.) Poor Gerard Depardieu. I can't think it's male-chauvinist to sympathize with this latest victim of a woman. He is pleasantly married; he and his wife have a child and a home in the country outside Grenoble; he has a job he likes. Another couple rent the empty house across the way, and the wife turns out to be Fanny Ardant, with whom Depardieu had a passionate affair some eight years before, which ended with a wrench. She (we learn later) attempted suicide, married quickly and divorced quickly. Now she is married a second time, placidly.

The move next door is completely accidental. Depardieu is ill at ease; Ardant is stimulated. Neither says anything to the respective spouse. Depardieu makes no overtures to Ardant—quite the reverse—but he responds when the clandestine opportunities present themselves. Both lovers go through considerable stress because of their passion, which is quickly rekindled and is much more consuming than what they feel maritally. Ardant eventually has a nervous breakdown, and when her husband learns the reason, they move away—to an apartment in Grenoble. But one night she comes back to the empty house. Depardieu hears the door banging across the way and goes over to investigate. They make love on the floor. Then she reaches into her pocketbook which is next to her, takes out a pistol, puts a bullet in his head as he lies on her, and puts another in her own head.

As in *Jules and Jim*, the woman kills herself along with the man she can't have, but I couldn't help feeling sorrier for Depardieu. Certainly he was her more-than-willing partner, but it wasn't he who restarted the affair or who, after all the travail, insisted on coming back that night. He certainly didn't know he would be asked to pay for this encounter with his life. That was entirely Ardant's decision, and just a bit one-sided, I thought.

But the film does create an atmosphere of fate, of the consequences of actions, no matter how long the consequences are delayed. I certainly did not feel that Depardieu had wronged Ardant, either in Part One or Part Two of their affair, but she believed he had, and it was his fate, having become involved with her, eventually to suffer from her belief. She decided that her life was not worth living without him; that may not be, in the wholest sense, rational, but it's a point of personal privilege. However, she also decided that he was not to live without her; and that's Truffaut. He quite clearly thinks that a woman believes that her passion for a man gives her the right to determine whether or not the man may live without her.

The best quality in the picture—written by Truffaut, Suzanne Schiffman, a previous collaborator, and Jean Aurel, a new name—is its atmosphere of the inescapable, of an Appointment in Samarra. This is another way of saying that the picture is well done. Just when I'm afraid I'm getting tired of Depardieu, because I see so much of him, vigorously eating and lovemaking and kissing children, bursting the screen frame with his vigor, he reappears doing all those things all over again but in a role that does more than exploit his vigor; and by fulfilling all the emotional demands of the role with ease, he refreshes the very vigor on which he often coasts. Depardieu hasn't shown astonishing range since his U.S. debut in *Going Places* (1974): most of his characters are modulations of a few basic chords. But he never makes a false move, and the truth of the moves he does make, within a relatively narrow perimeter, compels.

Fanny Ardant, whom I've not seen before, has a strong-jawed, heavy-browed beauty—of a sort one could expect to see in life, unlike (say) Cath-

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Arthur. Some bright dialogue, nice acting by Dudley Moore, and superb acting by John Gielgud overcome sluggish direction and trite millionaire-playboy plot.

Chariots of Fire. This true story of two British runners in the 1924 Olympics is lovely, exciting, grave, and socially acute.

The French Lieutenant's Woman. The weaving of two stories—of 1867 England and of the actors making the 1867 story—doesn't finally signify much, but the texture throughout is beautiful.

Stevie. A gem. Glenda Jackson as the poet Stevie Smith, Mona Washbourne as her aunt, in a film that is a small window on the cosmos.

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erine Deneuve, and none the less beautiful for that! She is very affecting, both as lover and sufferer. Possibly the novelty of her first appearance helped her performance. Exactly the opposite case from Depardieu, she had no burden of familiarity to overcome. I'm eager for her next film, to see whether she wears well and grows. (That's almost redundant.)

THE SCRIPT has a few moments that stretch credibility. For instance, Depardieu slaps Ardant around at a party in her house in front of her husband, and apparently the husband is not particularly upset; the move out of the neighborhood doesn't occur until after further developments. And Truffaut's directing can't quite shake a clinging cuteness or two. He begins well, with a helicopter shot of a police car speeding through the countryside—to color everything that we see in flashback thereafter—and returns to that shot at the end. But right after that opening, we get a close-up of a lovely middle-aged woman addressing us in front of a tennis court. She tells us we mustn't assume that she's a player. She asks the camera to move back, which it does, revealing that she has a brace on one leg and carries a cane. (She's the tennis club manager.) The idea of a one-woman chorus for this film, lame because of an attempted suicide-for-love 20 years earlier, is apt, but the talk to us and the camera, resumed at the end, is pointless, tricksy. As is the one iris-out that Truffaut feels he must include in each film.

But, overall, he directs with strict attention to business—*his* business, of fluent film narration, unstrained emotional emphases, and speed. *Speed*, more than the less specific terms "pace" or "rhythm," is a big factor in Truffaut. *The Woman Next Door* is the work of a born filmmaker, born a long time ago (as the film world figures), who has spent the intervening years learning a lot, of course, but being particularly careful, while learning, not to lose his innate *brio*.

Note on French Film. The Museum of Modern Art in New York is launching a gigantic two-part retrospective, *Rediscovering French Film*, which will include over 200 pictures made between the end of the 19th century and 1960. Part One, the smaller part with 45 films, began on November 5 and will run through January 2; some of the 45 have not been seen here for years (like Duvivier's marvelous *La Fin du Jour*), and some are films never shown here that I've longed to see (the work of Louis Daquin). Part Two will begin next April. Meanwhile, Part One will travel to the American Film Institute in Washington, the Pacific Film Archives in Berkeley, the Los Angeles County Museum and UCLA, the Museum of Fine Arts and Rice University in Houston, and the Art Institute of Chicago.

If you live in or near any of these places, watch for announcements or ask for information. This two-part series seems to me the most important event of its kind since the still-discussed Japanese retrospective that MOMA mounted in 1970.

People continually ask about films for children, and I have trouble giving satisfactory answers because I don't go to films made for children. I didn't know *Time Bandits* was a children's picture: I went because it was written by Michael Palin and Terry Gilliam, directed by Gilliam—both of the Monty Python group who made *Life Of Brian*. I'm glad I did, because now I can recommend a children's picture, but mostly I'm glad because I had a great time.

Time Bandits uses the familiar device of a contemporary child as vicar for his peers. This little English boy gets involved with six dwarfs who lay hands on a map of the holes in time and space, then keep crashing through both. Lots of different time strata, taking them from Mycenae to the *Titanic* to space; lots of explosions and stereophonic sound effects and excellent fantastic lighting, lots of "cameo" appearances by famous names. It's infinitely more fun (a lurking pun there) than such a recent stupid fantasy as *Excalibur*. (I left that one after 20 minutes when a woman was violated by a man in full Arthurian armor. Even fantasy has limits.)

One of the picture's pleasures is that all six of the dwarfs are good actors. How do you *find* six good dwarf actors? Another is the predictable sparkle of the dialogue. The boy and the dwarfs are walking across a great limitless arid desert when they walk smack into an immense glass wall, noses squashed and so on. "What's that?" asks one dwarf. "That's an invisible wall," says another. "Oh," says the first, "so that's what an invisible wall looks like."

Whether or not children get all the verbal flips, they can't help enjoying what they'll see and hear. At the end it turns out, like *Alice*, that it was all the boy's dream, but unlike Alice, he brought back Polaroid pictures.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

A Passionate Arts Conference

During four days in late September, 53 people associated with symphony orchestras, dance companies, opera companies, and theaters in the Northeast met in New Haven to discuss whether the American nonprofit performing arts have a future. By the end of the conference, they had not answered the question but they had developed impressive solidarity in the face of the obstacles to their survival.

This Northeast Assembly, as it was called by its sponsors—the Yale School of Music and the American Assembly—involved artistic leaders, performers, educators, managing directors, corporate sponsors, trustees, and critics; I attended in my capacity as director of a resident professional theater in Cambridge. One always approaches such conventions with doubts about their value, but this one at first seemed particularly futile. It was scheduled at a time when massive slices were being prepared for the budget of the National Endowment for the Arts; on the evening of the first day's meeting, in fact, Reagan was on the air asking for an additional 12 percent cut in federal spending (excluding the military). Many of us joined our panels reluctant to lose four valuable working days pursuing a

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lost cause, and we didn't look forward to being closeted in artificially ventilated rooms—morning, noon, and night, even mealtime and drinktime—chewing over again the failure of our society to support the arts. For this reason, the choice of the New Haven's Park Plaza Hotel as a meeting place was shrewd. There is little in the city to distract you from discussion, and we were even warned not to leave the precincts of the hotel at night without an armed security guard.

This might well have become the theme of the entire conference: whether it is relevant to weigh the issue of federal arts support when inadequate government funding for social programs was helping to stimulate poverty, blight, and crime. To the credit of the participants, they refused to address the subject in terms of priorities. For the first time in recent memory, people in the arts were insisting that a healthy culture was of supreme importance to the nation, and not just a casual amenity of an affluent society.

THE REFUSAL of the panelists to subordinate the arts to other issues was also manifest in the way they responded to the questions submitted for discussion. Asked whether the arts should be judged by how widely they are disseminated, they answered no. Asked whether the value of artistic institutions should be measured by social and community contributions such as educational and outreach programs, they also answered no. Asked whether it is proper for a democracy to impose its own popularizing standards on the arts, they answered, resoundingly, no. The Carter Administration's diversionary debate between elitism and populism was not a concern of the conferees who insisted that the arts were important for the part they played in the emotional, intellectual, and spiritual development of the citizenry, and not because they offered opportunities for communal self-expression. For the first time in at least ten years, a cultural conference was able to endorse, with surprising unity and confidence, the previously controversial notion that artists were beings uniquely gifted and specially trained, rather than participants in a common process available to all.

IF THESE artistic leaders were no longer willing to accept a social validation or definition for the arts, it was perhaps because they recognized they were approaching a critical juncture. In spite of an upbeat speech by MacNeil Lowry, former vice president of the Ford Foundation and *eminence grise* of the assembly, most people were full of apprehension. Lowry himself, while expressing his belief that corporations might come to the rescue, conceded that the new tax laws were weakening the incentive for corporate giving. Some of the larger private foundations—notably Ford and Rockefeller—had already slashed their arts budgets, and now the federal government was not only threatening to halve its aid, thus weakening official support, but was also creating obstacles to alternative giving. The gloom began to turn to anger. One of the panel groups began calling for a strong statement condemning the cultural policies of the Reagan Administration.

Since some of the participants at the conference, particularly the trustees and arts council members, were Reagan supporters, this proposal introduced the first real note of potential divisiveness into the proceedings. In place of a statement deploring "the recent efforts of the current Administration to cut the meager budget of the Endowment," and calling on "Congress and all concerned groups to resist these ill-considered recommendations," the more conservative group framed a milder statement suggesting a utilitarian political function for the arts, as a form of national defense. This argument, they reasoned, was more politic than confrontational tactics. Should the conference antagonize the Administration, as the labor unions did during their recent march on Washington, or try to persuade the budget-cutters that the arts were useful weapons in our confrontation with the Soviet Union?

The debate over tactics dissolved right after an address to the conference by Daniel J. Terra, the President's new Ambassador at Large for Cultural Affairs and head of the Task Force on the Arts and Humanities. Terra's speech was significant largely for the way it instantly radicalized virtually everybody in the room, conservatives included. Founder and chief executive officer of Lawter Chemicals, and an important fundraiser for the Reagan campaign, Mr. Terra is a quiet-spoken, gray-haired gentleman who seemed as baffled as his audience about why he had been appointed and what he was expected to do. Perhaps by way of explanation, he circulated a White House release on his appointment, in which the President took occasion to express "deep concern for the arts and humanities in America," while announcing that, among other grave duties, Mr. Terra was expected to "provide guidance to the Art-in-Embassy program to ensure that American art displayed in Ambassadorial residences abroad is representative of our national cultural heritage." Terra then opened the floor to questions.

These grew increasingly hostile as Terra refused, or was unable, to supply any answers. The only hope he could offer for the future was a new tax incentive plan for 70,000,000 Americans who would have the opportunity to deduct up to $25 on nonprofit ventures; he wasn't able to say why taxpayers with no experience of the arts would now feel moved to contribute to them. Those who demanded that he appeal personally to Reagan to increase the budgets of the Endowments were repeatedly told to write their Congressman (many of those present had been doing little else for the last six months). One exasperated participant challenged Mr. Terra to write *his* Congressman, namely Ronald Reagan, and speak up firmly on behalf of government's role in the arts. Terra responded by reaffirming his kinship with us and what we represented, a conviction received with as much credibility as the President's expressions of concern.

AFTER THIS performance even the most conservative panel members, conceding that little was to be expected from the Reagan Administration, were ready to endorse a strong statement. But before the plenary session was convened, we had the opportunity to hear from one of our few remaining friends on Capitol Hill, Representative

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Paul Simon of Illinois. Disappointingly, Mr. Simon sounded the same note as Mr. Terra: our one recourse, he told us, was to write our Congressmen. The suggestion that the arts had a future in this country only if they exerted some impact on the political ambitions of our elected representatives brought to his feet Murray Sidlin, conductor of the New Haven Symphony, who complained, in an impassioned speech, that he was continually being distracted from his obligation to study scores and rehearse his orchestra by demands on his time to engage in political activities. Most of the others in the room, however, arguing that the artist was also a citizen, seemed ready to follow Mr. Simon's advice and, before the end of that evening, were making plans to create advocacy groups throughout the nation, designed to pressure the politicians, the people, and the media on behalf of the beleaguered performing arts.

At the plenary session, where the final statement was framed, revised, and voted on by the entire conference, the mood was merry, even buoyant. Nothing bestows more unity on a group of warring factions than finding a common enemy, and this group had managed to identify its antagonist.

The final statement asked corporations, foundations, universities, and individuals to recognize their responsibility to support the performing arts, but its most passionate prose was directed toward the federal government, which was rebuked for abdicating its crucial catalytic role in generating private support. "A society's values are reflected in the priorities it assigns through government programs," the preamble read.

> The establishment of the National Endowments for the Arts and Humanities in 1965 was a symbol of our nation's coming of age. It was a vital precedent, a 'seal of approval' from which to go forward. We sense an alarming trend in government policy. We interpret the president's message, to the nation delivered on the opening night of the assembly, to mean that little attention to the creative arts can be expected during a period of national retrenchment. We deplore the efforts of the current Administration to cut the meager budget of the Endowments which have been instrumental in generating other sources of support and stimulating artistic and intellectual growth for the past sixteen years. The proposed cuts institute a serious threat to the continued existence of performing arts institutions in the United States.

Rather than justify the arts as weapons in the cold war, the statement suggested they were life-giving instruments in a nation whose government was tilting us toward death, giving a new significance to the fact that the arts were being cut at the same time military expenditures were being increased. It concluded by calling not just for a restoration of the arts cuts but for a substantial increase to the Endowments.

Most of us had attended enough similar conferences to expect a long, useless, committee-written declaration at the end. But this one contained something different. It was, I believe, the unfamiliar note of belligerence—a tone we haven't heard in any sustained way for over a decade and which undoubtedly will be entering, with increasing volume, the discourse between offended interests and the federal government. Few of those present were under the illusion that this declaration would have much influence on the endangered state of our species, but they left New Haven exhilarated that at last the problem was being defined and emotions appropriate to it were being expressed.

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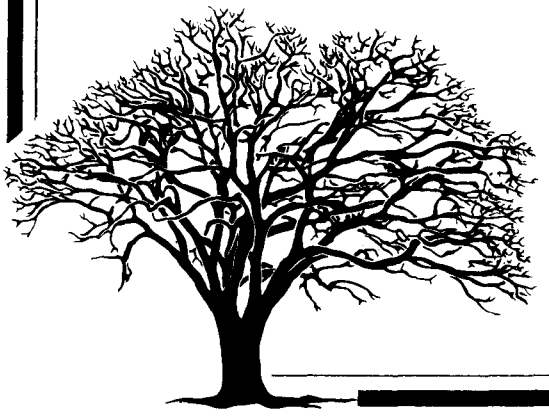

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The Ideology Of Intelligence

The Mismeasure of Man by Stephen Jay Gould

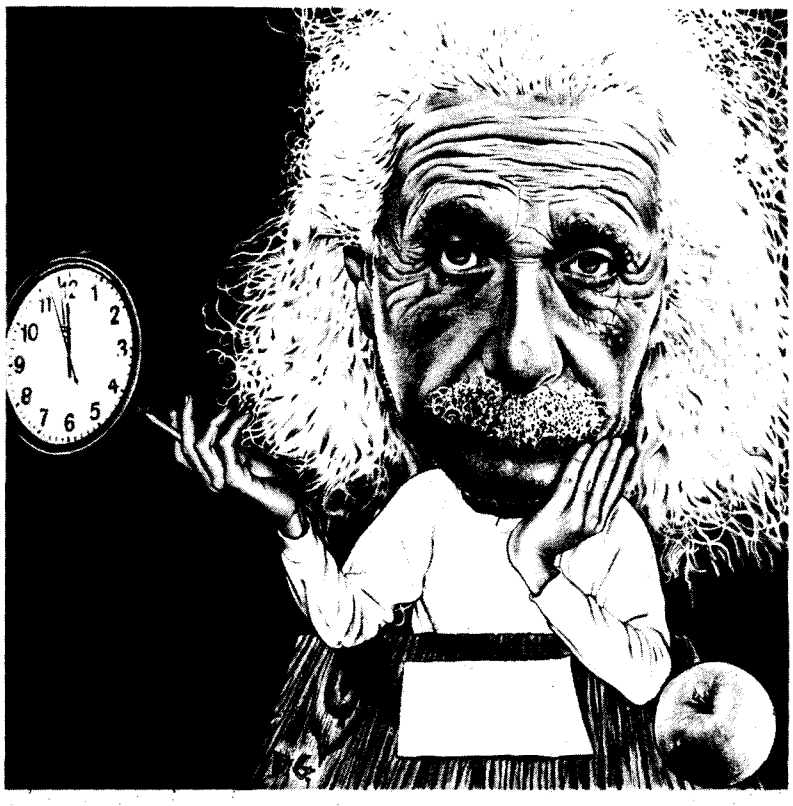
(Norton, 352 pp., $14.95)

By Charles Krauthammer

The 1964-65 New York World's Fair had a pavilion called Sermons from Science. Being one of those adolescents with an insatiable appetite for things scientific, I wandered in and was treated to fascinating films on such mysterious phenomena as resonance (that which allowed Caruso to shatter glass with his voice) and electromagnetic radiation (that which brought "Father Knows Best" into my home). Little did I know that I had blundered into a scientific sting operation. For, as soon as the lights went up, a shill stepped onto the stage, declaring that resonance and electromagnetic radiation demonstrated (by analogy, I suppose) God's invisible presence in the world. Next a pod of earnest young men appeared, brandishing pamphlets; they proceeded to work the crowd, urging a return to Christ.

That was my first unhappy encounter with the use of science for nonscientific ends. My latest encounter came from reading *The Mismeasure of Man*, Stephen Jay Gould's excellent case study of science in the service of ideology. Gould has written a witty, ironic, and often original history of a scientific sideshow that has been running for 150 years: the exasperating search for the psychologist's stone, the quantification of intelligence. And it is a brilliant account of how that scientific enterprise has been used to justify class and racial inequality.

The modern career of the idea of intelligence begins in the middle of the 19th century. It was then hypothesized that intelligence was determined by skull size. A second hypothesis, more accurately a belief, held that intelligence determined a race's position in the social hierarchy. These two hypotheses were twined into a kind of theoretical *folie à deux*: the truth of one would be assumed long enough to establish the truth of the other. For example, when Samuel George Morton, the great 19th-century Philadelphia physician and skull collector, reported that skulls of Caucasians were larger than those of Mongolians which, in turn, were larger than those of Negroes, he was satisfied that he had shown both that intelligence was a function of skull size and that the regnant racial hierarchy was justified by modern scientific evidence.



DRAWING OF ALBERT EINSTEIN BY DONALD GATES FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Such research might appear to some as merely a bizarre detour in the history of science but Gould shows it to be the result of the perfectly ordinary investigative activities of the greatest scientists of the time. Gould touches only lightly on the eccentrics. He concentrates on the serious work of giants like Paul Broca. More importantly, Gould is not interested in the occasional fabricated evidence, but in the glaring—and honest—distortions produced by unconscious bias. He has gone back and reexamined the raw data from which Morton, Broca, and others built their inferences. He not only demonstrates errors in calculation and computation, in measurement and inference; he shows that these errors all tend consistently in one direction—in favor of the original (racist or hereditarian) hypothesis. For example, in studying skull size Broca ignored contaminating factors like body weight, size, and nutrition. But not always. When Louis Pierre Gratiolet confronted Broca in the French Academy with evidence that German brains were 100 grams heavier than French brains, Broca responded, "It would be easy for me to show him that he can grant some value to the size of the brain without ceasing for that to be a good Frenchman." In a remarkable display of sophisticated evidence sifting, he then proceeded to analyze systemically all the uncontrolled factors (as we call them today) that could account for the apparent disparity. He nimbly emerged with the conclusion that, all things being equal, the French brain was *larger* than the Ger-

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man. But when it came to examinations of skull size in women and Africans, Broca showed little interest in the equality of all things.

Like the other great quantifiers of intelligence, Broca was undoubtedly unaware of his selective use of his own talents. And that is Gould's major theme: the ubiquity—and innocence—of ideologized science. The path it takes is circular. It starts with a hypothesis, generated in response to an ideological need (for example, to show that human races have a hierarchical order of intelligence, whites at the top and blacks at the bottom). It proceeds to gather scientific data that fit the hypothesis. And it then returns to the hypothesis confirmed. At that point the scientist either abjures invitations to draw the necessary political implications and withdraws with appropriate scientific humility to the sanctity of the laboratory; or he jumps into the ideological fray to advocate the only enlightened social policy that "science" permits: separation of the races, strict limitation of immigration and, ultimately, the Darwinian justice of enduring social and racial inequalities.

BY THE 20th century craniometry had been replaced by mental testing. And, under the influence of the new science of eugenics, it set out to prove not only that classes and races are arrayed in hierarchies of intelligence but that these differences are innate, inheritable, biological, and, therefore, unchangeable. The most famous of these IQ tests was administered by Robert Yerkes to 1.75 million American inductees into the army in World War I. The results provided objective support for existing prejudices. They also lent legitimacy—and urgency—to the 1924 immigration laws which severely restricted quotas for Southern and Eastern European races. Gould has done us the service of wading through the original 800-page study which was read by almost no one and used by almost everyone. Piece by piece he takes the tests apart. He demonstrates that if they measured anything (which is doubtful, given the harried, uncontrolled, and haphazard way they were administered), they measured acculturation. Buried in the report he finds a chart showing a striking linear relationship between the score of the immigrant recruit and the number of years he had spent in the United States. The average test scores of the foreign-born recruit rose consistently with his years of residence in America. Unless one assumes that the genetic stock of immigrants coming to America declined systemically over every five-year period between 1885 and 1914, one is left with the conclusion that what these tests measured was literacy in English and acculturation to the United States. If you doubt this, test yourself on these 1914 test items: (1) Crisco is a: patent medicine, disinfectant, toothpaste, food product; (2) The number of Kaffir's legs is: two, four, six, eight; (3) Christy Matthewson is famous as a: writer, artist, baseball player, comedian. Small wonder that on a similar test 83 percent of the Jews, 87 percent of the Russians, 80 percent of the Hungarians, and 79 percent of the Italians who took it scored as morons. (It was a technical term then, denoting a condition somewhere between subnormality and imbecility.)

Gould concludes with a sophisticated, highly mathematical critique of the work of Cyril Burt and Arthur Jensen, the major modern hereditarians in the intelligence debate. He attacks their theories not so much for their peripheral racial implications, as for their core assumption: the belief that "general intelligence" exists. The idea of general intelligence was developed by Charles Spearman, an early 20th-century statistician and psychologist who derived, by the method of factor analysis, a common factor in all intelligence tests. He called it "g" and reified it as intelligence itself. Gould shows, first, that it is arbitrary, that the existence of "g" is an artifact of the tests chosen to measure it. For example, the data of intelligence testing can, with equal mathematical justification, be used to support the notion of clusters of mental abilities (mathematical, verbal, spatial, etc.) rather than a single faculty called "g."

Furthermore, even if a universal "g" does exist, variation in scores among individuals can be explained with equal if not greater plausibility by invoking environmental rather than genetic causation. And, finally, even if one grants both that there is a "g" and that its distribution within populations is genetic, this in no way proves that the difference in intelligence *between* populations is genetic. An example used by the psychologist Leon Kamin is instructive. Suppose we have two bags of seed, bag "a" and bag "b." Both have identical quantities of identical genetic mixes of seed. We plant the seeds from bag "a" on fertile ground and the seeds from bag "b" on barren ground. The distribution of heights *within* each population of grains is clearly related to its genes. But what of the fact that the grains from bag "a" grow higher on average than the grains from bag "b"? It is clearly the result of environment. (Similarly the fact that blacks consistently score lower than whites on IQ tests tells us nothing about genetic or innate differences between the races.)

THIS IS NOT to say we should assume a priori that innate differences between groups of people cannot exist. American blacks are more susceptible to sickle cell anemia than American whites and Ashkenazi Jews are more susceptible to Tay-Sachs disease than Gentiles. There is no reason to decide in advance that genes have nothing to do with the fact that some groups are better than others at chess or basketball or the 100-yard dash. My objection to the endless debate over racial differences in intelligence is that it is a supremely uninteresting question. The very notions of race and intelligence are so vague that any conclusion about a correlation between them is bound to be vaguer still, to be of little biological interest, and to be essentially unverifiable, since we cannot control for environmental conditions affecting different races. And what socially useful results can even a positive correlation yield? Assume for a moment that we do have a positive correlation between race and a certain socially useful characteristic, say, height. Assume, further, that that characteristic is a legitimate qualification for a social role, say, to be a policeman. Now, the average Japanese is smaller than the average American. But the overlap in populations is enormous. In other words, even though a correlation between race and height exists, it is very weak. To decide whether an individual applicant is tall enough to be a policeman, one doesn't inquire about race. One measures height. Race is simply not a useful predictor of height or other human qualities society cares about.

Gould charges those obsessed with finding racial differences with ulterior ideological motives. His elucidation of the history of 19th- and 20th-century intelligence measurers bears that out quite convincingly. But Gould also lugs around his own ideological baggage. He

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is an unabashed egalitarian. If he were to subject himself to the very analysis he turns on his opponents, he would probably conclude that his motivation in discrediting the hereditarians stems from his belief that races and classes should be treated equally. His skillful search through the history, methods, and conclusions of IQ testing to support his case for environmental causation stands on its own. His egalitarian zeal does not affect the validity of his work, but it does, I believe, lead him to one curious omission.

ONE READS Gould's methodical debunking of cultural bias in intelligence tests anticipating that in the end he will reveal what he thinks intelligence is and how we should use it. He uses the word often enough and he evidently believes it has a commonsense meaning. But because Gould is acutely aware of the harm that can be done in the name of intelligence, he is wary of saying anything about intelligence that may lead to its "reification," or anything about IQ tests that may lend them legitimacy. His views must, therefore, be inferred from his rather approving treatment of Alfred Binet, the early 20th-century inventor of the intelligence test. Binet designed his test on commission from the French government specifically to identify children with learning disabilities. The purpose was to assign them to special classes designed to help them improve, and not to stigmatize them as innately or permanently inferior. With this approach, says Gould, "mental testing becomes a theory for enhancing potential through proper education." Gould's complaint seems to be that after Binet, hereditarians misused mental testing and perverted its original aims. In a candid revelation, Gould says,

> I feel that tests of the IQ type were helpful in the diagnosis of my own learning-disabled son. His average score, the IQ itself, meant nothing, but was only an amalgam of some very high and very low scores; but the pattern of low values indicated his areas of deficit.

From this I draw certain conclusions about Gould's views on IQ tests, views so sensible that I wish he had stated them more explicitly. First, IQ tests *can* measure certain abilities—verbal, mathematical, spatial, etc. IQ subscores are a valuable educational tool. They allow us to identify areas of intellectual strength and weakness. On the other hand, the average score, the IQ, is a quite useless number because to arrive at a single score we must arbitrarily assign weights to different mental abilities. The idiot savant has prodigious recall and little else; Bobby Fischer has spatial and computational abilities so hypertrophied that they have crowded out his other faculties; the patient suffering from Korsakoff's disease forgets everything new he learns within about 60 seconds, but retains knowledge acquired before his illness and is otherwise intellectually intact. (Many Korsakoffians do well on IQ tests.) Who is more intelligent? Can such a question have any meaning?

It is a pity that Gould does not affirm more strongly what it *is* possible to say about intelligence and what limited usefulness one can ascribe to IQ tests. His voice is needed because the reputation of IQ tests has sunk so low that the one use which Binet intended—which Gould approves—is now considered illegitimate by radical egalitarians. In California, the courts have declared unconstitutional IQ tests which had been used as an adjunct in selecting children who cannot learn and who require remedial education. The system had been selecting disproportionately more black than white children. On these grounds, the judge declared the tests discriminatory. He ordered the state to find a system which would produce black and white slow learners in numbers that matched the proportion of blacks and whites in the general population. We have now returned to the classic situation of science in the service of ideology. The ideology here is that there are no innate differences between whites and blacks; therefore there should be no difference between the numbers of retarded learners among them; and therefore the tests themselves must be racist. But, the fact is, black children suffer more social and educational deprivation than white children. It is not surprising, therefore, that among slow learners in our society there should be a disproportionately larger number of blacks than whites. To deny these black children remedial help in the name of equality is as stupid and cruel as it was to deny them such help in the past on the grounds that they were genetically inferior. To the child it makes no difference whether his low score is the result of genes or environment. To the ideologue, it matters greatly. If there is a lesson to be learned from *The Mismeasure of Man* it is that no child should be sacrificed at the altar of ideology—even an ideology that invokes the authority of science.

THE DEMOCRATIC TEMPER

American Politics: The Promise of Disharmony by Samuel P. Huntington

(Harvard University Press, 303 pp., $15)

This brilliant book should have been published a year ago. In the last days of the Carter Administration it did seem as if our political institutions suffered from a deepening erosion of authority. The leading exhibit was an enfeebled presidency whose decline had continued from the 1960s to the 1970s, regardless of party or person. Only last November Gerald Ford drew attention to the weakness of the office, calling it "imperiled not imperial." There was serious talk that constitutional reform was needed to restore the position of the presidency in government and politics.

The times were in tune with Huntington's analysis. He sees the sixties and seventies—"the S&S Years," he calls them—as a phase of politics when Americans reasserted their democratic creed with a special intensity. These politics of "creedal passion," he argues, "necessarily made moralism and opposition the dominant theme. . . . Outrage and protest, together with their sometime children invective and violence, set the tone. . . ." As a result, "authority structures throughout society" were weakened, not least the presidency. Only "a complex and drawn-out process," Huntington concluded, could restore the effective power of that

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office. "Vigorous and responsible national leadership requires a network of petty tyrants. The protests, exposure, reforms and realignment of the S & S Years substantially shredded that network." Until it is restored, "the gap between the leadership that people desire and the leadership that the system permits will further discredit those in leadership positions and, in a vicious circle, make it still more difficult for them to act."

PERSUASIVE a year ago, but the Reagan presidency makes one wonder. Ronald Reagan took office committed to reform on a vast scale and in complex detail. His victories over Congress have been stunning. He won them primarily because he caught the mood of the country in his campaign and has continued skillfully to express it in what he has said and done. It was not his party that won the election for him, but he who carried fellow partisans into office on his coattails. And before that he had similarly won the nomination not by the "peer review" of some national Republican elite, but by winning 60 percent of the vote in 32 primaries, many of which had been set up in response to the "creedal passion" of the S & S Years.

I do not mean to paint him as a rustic fellow, crying out to the people and looking down at his feet, like some latter-day sockless Jerry Simpson. But Ronald Reagan is something of a populist. And he has thereby restored authority to the presidency. Of course, his good fortune may not last. (Personally I cannot hope that it will: his priorities are not my priorities.) His political success to date, however, must make one ask whether the American democratic creed may not have a potential for generating authority that Huntington's account does not comprehend.

It is right to confront this book with the import of current events. Huntington has written a tract for the times, focusing on problems of the day and seeking guidance for the future. He addresses these contemporary concerns, moreover, with a masterly command of theory and history which will ensure his book an enduring place as a work of scholarship and which makes the most serious demands upon a critic.

At the start he deftly characterizes his conception of American politics by contrasting it with other leading interpretations. He agrees with the pluralists that group theory accurately describes the process during times of "normal" politics. These periods, however, are punctuated, he observes, by phases of passion, upheaval, and moral intensity that quite escape the explanatory power of pluralism. Nor is class conflict, as conceived by the Progressive historians or the Marxists, "the principal continuing cleavage." His position is closest to the consensus school, especially as represented by Louis Hartz. He rightly points out, however, that this approach fails to account for the intensity of feeling and reality of conflict that have marked our political life from time to time.

Accepting the fact of consensus, but emphasizing its concern not with the purposes of government, but with its processes, he postulates that our unmitigated democratic ideal must clash with the hierarchies of power that are unavoidable in any system of government. Neither element in this contradiction stands much chance of being changed. On the one hand, the democratic consensus provides no more footing for an aristocracy, a governing class, or an elite standing above the great body of the people. Huntington fully recognizes how foreign Toryism is to our tradition. On the other hand, he finds, government is necessarily hierarchical, a command-obedience relation in which some persons tell others what to do. Huntington's paradigm, in short, develops for America the operational consequences of that classic oxymoron, "self-government."

His historical thesis is that this gap between the ideal and the real causes continual tension and periodically erupts in a frenzy of reform when Americans try in vain to close the gap. In these periods of upheaval the main driving force is not a "rational response" to the abuse of power, nor the clash of class or economic interest, but the exigent ideal itself. The "moralism" that it engenders cannot succeed; hence, it cannot last and therefore will lapse into "cynicism," "complacency," or "hypocrisy," often in that order, so that one can usefully trace "a moralism-cynicism-complacency-hypocrisy cycle in American public consciousness." Conforming to a cycli-

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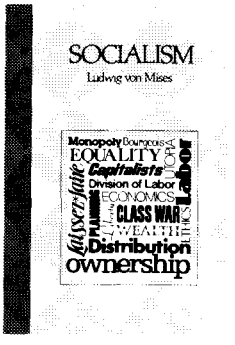

Socialism

By Ludwig von Mises

A praxeological and economic analysis of society comparing the results of socialist planning with those of free market capitalism in respect to property, equality, law, science, religion, morals, race, democracy, the state, utopia, war, slavery, monopoly, competition, labor, capital, the family, marriage, and other issues.

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cal model, our politics has produced outbursts of "creedal passion" about every 60 years: the four periods being the Revolutionary, the Jacksonian, the Progressive, and the S&S Years of recent memory.

Huntington's analysis tells us a great deal about these four periods. One cannot fail, however, to be struck by the omissions. Where, for instance, are Abraham Lincoln and the Civil War? The terms "creedal passion" and "moralism" fit Lincoln's rhetoric, except for the overtone of disparagement they convey. It is so obvious as to be embarrassing to observe that Lincoln did say that he was trying to fulfill American ideals and that preserving the Union, freeing the slaves, and laying the foundations for a great era of nation-building were an enormous vindication of them.

Again, why does Huntington refuse the New Deal a place among his examples of "the politics of upheaval"? That, we may recall, is the title of Arthur Schlesinger's volume on the most productive years of Rooseveltian reform. Curiously, Huntington says that the New Deal was not a time of "creedal passion." Let me suggest the atmosphere of those years by recalling how in 1936 in his acceptance speech at Philadelphia FDR promised in hyperbole swollen and abrasive even by American standards that as 1776 had wiped out "political tyranny" so 1936 would bring "economic tyranny" to an end. The "economic royalist" metaphor that was launched into the political battle by this speech was not only moralistic adornment. It also expressed the emerging purpose of the New Deal to create a new balance of economic power by a series of massive structural reforms, as captured later on by John Kenneth Galbraith in his concept of "countervailing power." With that rhetoric moralizing these reforms, Roosevelt mobilized a coalition that dominated American politics for a generation.

No less startling are the omissions from Huntington's account of the period to which he gives the most attention. It was during the 1960s and 1970s that spending on social programs soared, a new kind of economic management was attempted, and the American welfare state really got under way—and, some say, out of control. Not to take up these big economic and social reforms is to pass over what many people would think were the most important developments in American politics in those years. But this neglect must be entirely intentional on Huntington's part. Why else should he call this period the S & S Years and never mention the Great Society or Lyndon Johnson?

Perhaps I am knocking down an open door. The omission of the achievements of Lincoln, Roosevelt, and Lyndon Johnson would seem clearly to indicate that Huntington is not concerned with the politics of economic and social reform, but only with the politics of political reform. He never says this explicitly, but such a narrowing of the range of his paradigm improves its fit with his historical account.

I fear, however, that even this adaptation will not save the hypothesis. Huntington is overwhelmingly right to stress the continuing power of the ideas that informed our beginnings. As those ideas, however, were concerned with the purpose of government as well as its process, so also has "creedal passion" mobilized support for economic and social as well as political reform. Lyndon Johnson's treatment of civil rights will focus my final difficulties with Huntington's approach.

Civil rights reform was an attack not only upon the denial of the right to vote, but also upon segregation, an economic and social condition. The "creedal passion" that informed this movement is bountifully illustrated by the rhetoric of Lyndon Johnson. Recall the fervor of the "We Shall Overcome" address to Congress. Or consider his address at Howard University in 1965 when he keynoted a new phase of the civil rights struggle by deploying the same metaphor of "the race of life" that Lincoln had used. Huntington can see in the civil rights movement, however, only "the politics of protest" which dominated the S & S Years. Indeed, he fixes on the Greensboro sit-ins of 1960 as the start of the turmoil of those years whose "broadest, most pervasive, and most fundamental consequence . . . was its impact on authority structures throughout American society."

NOW IT IS true that prior to the civil rights movement, race had been a ground for authority in some substructures of American society and that the programs of the Great Society have gravely weakened, if they have not entirely demolished, that ground for command and obedience. Those programs, however, were not merely negations of racialist authority. As Lyndon Johnson said, they also were affirmative acts of national integration and, as he hoped, they have enabled black people to make giant strides toward entering the American mainstream. These outcomes deserve a more perspicacious evaluation than Huntington's dry comment of "no mean achievement."

As in the achievements of Lincoln, Roosevelt, and Lyndon Johnson, "creedal passion" may not only set the goals of reform; it may also mobilize the consent necessary to realize them. Hunt-

ASKED TO RECALL A MOMENT OF PURE HAPPINESS

The bed's height is one reason
for floating. It is near noon.
Again you have overslept.

On the Hotel Belvedere
a triangle of sunlight
bites across the reddish bricks,
but in the alley's camera
the bulk are in blue shadow
that glints off the iron grille
of your fire-stairs, or cages.
This happy imprisonment
makes no sense, yet is not false.
Your life is starting over.

Traffic moans from the other
room that floods with yellow day.
The little hallway of shelves
between that dazzling ceiling
and this murkier, blue one
fills with a loose corolla,
ambiguous and humming.

Life, day, shadowy iron
and sun, whispering taxis,
heat at the end of summer
raising a mist on your skin,
Eager Street, Charles, Mt. Vernon,
Biddle, St. Paul—in their arms
you float into your future.

MARY KINZIE

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ington, however, sees in American ideals only a negation of authority—"the anti-power ethic." Distrust is indeed one aspect of the democratic idea. But there is another aspect: the enormous affirmation of authority when government is seen to speak with the consent of the governed. Needless to say, the voice of the people will not be clear or unanimous. But it makes sense, for example, to examine empirically how far a President has a mandate from the voters or has caught the mood of the country. In the performance of that populistic conservative who is now our President and who—to my regret—is enjoying such great success in carrying out his radical reforms, we see how vastly such a mobilization of consent can increase the power of modern American government. It was not entirely bogus when recently President Reagan clothed his effort in these words from Tocqueville: "There is an amazing strength in the expression of the will of the people, and when it declares itself, even the imagination of those who wish to contest it is overawed."

SAMUEL H. BEER

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MALEVOLENT FLIPPANCY

The Complete Poems: Anne Sexton
foreword by Maxine Kumin

(Houghton Mifflin, 622 pp., $20)

The unevenness in Anne Sexton's writing makes her work hard to judge, but the publication of the *Complete Poems* demands some attempt at judgment. Many of these poems are by now famous or infamous, but a clear sense of Sexton's talent—its extent and its limitations—has yet to appear. The Sexton legend not only haunts the poems, but is unhappily perpetuated in the ladies-magazine tone of the introduction to this volume by Sexton's generous friend, Maxine Kumin. The introduction begins with a description of Sexton, "tall, blue-eyed, stunningly slim, her carefully coiffed dark hair decorated with flowers." Later we hear that "the frightened little girl became a flamboyant and provocative woman; the timid child who skulked in closets burst forth as an exhibitionist declaiming with her own rock group; the intensely private individual bared her liver to the eagle in public readings." This melodramatic and sentimental style, infected by Sexton's own hyperboles, can perhaps do no harm; but neither can it do any good. Kumin's devoted kindness to Sexton is well-known, and perhaps a friend's elegiac tribute is not the place to look for a dispassionate appraisal. Still, the poems do appear within this frame; and the lavish terms of Kumin's essay tend to coerce the reader into a somewhat single-minded view of the poet whom Kumin embarrassingly names "this gifted, ghosted woman."

The introduction is determinedly and sometimes vulgarly feminist: the earlier world view of the poet as "the masculine chief-of-state in charge of dispensing universal spiritual truths" (Diane Middlebrook, *The World into Words*) has eroded. Surely no one could write (Middlebrook) or quote (Kumin) such a reductive vulgarization of Shelley's "poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world" without an obstinate incomprehension of what Shelley meant in his defense of poetry. Kumin adds that women poets owe a debt to Anne Sexton because she "shattered taboos": she wrote openly about menstruation, abortion, masturbation, incest, adultery, and drug addiction at a time when the proprieties embraced none of these as proper topics for poetry. Such a sentence itself enacts a new (and illogical) definition of what women poets want to, or need to, or should be allowed to, write about. After all, adultery, incest, and drug addiction are not new topics in literature—they are a staple set of Romantic properties. As for biology per se, it does not interest poetry, though the feelings solicited by menstruation or masturbation or abortion do. But lyric poetry has never demanded that the occasion for a poem be named in the poem: masturbatory fantasy, for instance, has taken many literary forms. Taboo-breaking is not in itself a poetic task. No poem is improved by having a shattered taboo in it, or an abortion in it either. It is an absurd stereotyping of women that would charge them to be priestesses of the biological or shatterers of taboos. "Anne delineated the problematic position of women—the neurotic reality of the time," says Kumin, "though she was not able to cope in her own life with the personal trouble it created." I am not sure to what the "it" here refers, but I assume Kumin means that it was the problematic position of women that created the personal trouble in Sexton's life.

Such a claim is both true and false, and in any case irrefutable. Was it "the problematic position of men—the neurotic reality of the time" that created the personal trouble in Berryman's life? The biographies of Berryman and Sexton have a good deal in common: both poets were intelligent, gifted, married, parents, multiply addicted to pills and alcohol, and often (if not always) in the care of hospitals and therapists until their respective suicides. Both cases seem resistant to simple analyses (it was the pills and drink; it was the original alienating poetic gift; it was childhood guilt; it was unloving parents; it was "the problematic position" in society of women/men). No lived reality is so easily characterized. Nor will it do to hail any poet, finally, as a "woman" poet (or a "gay" poet). Every poet is in the end only one sort of poet—a poet of the native language. The poet does well by perception in vesting it in language, or does not. The poem finds a language for its experience, or it does not. Sometimes Sexton found that language.

KUMIN GIVES valuable testimony to Sexton's industry (even though couched in cliché—"Our sessions were jagged, intense, often angry, but also loving"). Sexton, as the earlier poems show, was eager to master all the prosodic and stanzaic variations she could find useful; Sexton's lack of success does not usually (until the latter part of her life) result from lack of labor. Sexton worked hard for her teachers—among whom I include her therapists as well as her mentors (John Holmes,

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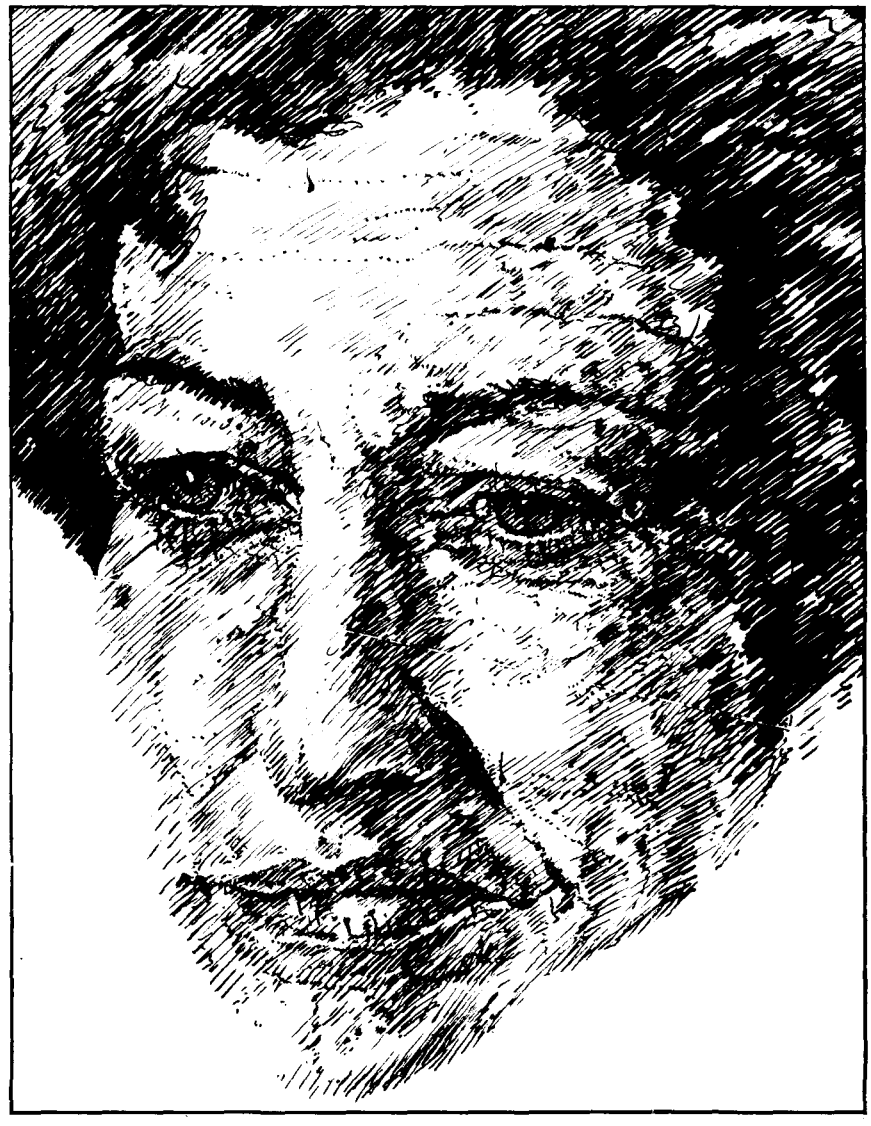
Robert Lowell) and her fellow poets (Plath, Starbuck, Kumin). She worked hard too for her students, who were grateful to her for her intense advice about their writing.

What, then, did Sexton have; and what did she lack? The second question should perhaps be raised before the first.

She did not have an education. Emily Dickinson had no more formal schooling than Sexton but she did have her father's library, and a precocious appetite for poetry. Kumin takes a peculiarly American point of view when she remarks, "Untrammeled by a traditional education in Donne, Milton, Yeats, Eliot, and Pound, Anne was able to strike out alone, like Conrad's secret sharer, for a new destiny." Of course the poets of the past never thought of a traditional education as a set of fetters. Their notion, on the whole, was that in reading your great predecessors you were learning the language of poetry. So Milton read for seven years at Horton after leaving Cambridge; so Hopkins did classics at Balliol; so Keats translated Virgil in high school and read his way, underlining, through Spenser and Shakespeare and *Paradise Lost* and Chapman's *Homer*. It is anyhow an odd view of a "traditional education" that would sum it up as "Donne, Milton, Yeats, Eliot and Pound." In any case, Sexton is said to have read "omnivorously and quite innocently whatever came to hand and enticed her." According to Kumin's list, rather little that enticed her was poetry. Kumin lists "popular psychiatric texts" (Reik, Rieff, Deutsch, Erikson, Bettelheim), and says that after Sexton took a course in Dostoevsky, Kafka, and Mann, she went on to read novels by Saul Bellow, Philip Roth, and Kurt Vonnegut—a sequence that tells something about Sexton's taste, since someone else might have gone on to Tolstoy, Flaubert, and James. Kumin concludes the remarks on Sexton's reading by saying, "But above all else, she was attracted to the fairy tales of Andersen and Grimm . . .; they were for her, perhaps, what Bible stories and Greek myths had been for other writers." Kumin does not raise the question whether Grimm and Andersen can possibly rival as imaginative sources the Bible and Greek mythology—but the question is important in thinking about Sexton.



DRAWING OF ANNE SEXTON BY DAVID SCHORR FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

It was not the ethical parables of the Bible, or the fertile suggestiveness of Greek myth, but the grim tit-for-tat of fairy tales—where the unsuccessful suitors are murdered, or the witch is burned in her own oven, or the wicked wolf is himself sliced open—that appealed to Sexton's childlike and vengeful mind. The fairy tales and folktales put forth a child's black-and-white ethics, with none of the complexity of the Gospels, and none of the worldliness of the Greeks. It is characteristic of Sexton that she did use the myth of Prometheus—which reads like one of her folktales, with its rebel hero, its avenging father-god, and its grotesque evisceration by a vulture.

Sexton looked, usually in vain, for ways to stabilize her poems outside her increasingly precarious self. She based one sequence on horoscope readings, another on the remarks of her therapist "Doctor Y," another on the life of Jesus, another on the Psalms, another on beasts. The only group that succeeds more often than it fails is the group based on folktales, *Transformations*. The tales—Snow White, Rapunzel, Cinderella, Red Riding Hood, the Frog Prince, Briar Rose, Hansel and Gretel, and others—gave Sexton a structure of the sort she was usually unable to invent for herself, a beginning, a middle, and an end. Her poems tend, on the whole, to begin well, to repeat themselves, to sag in the middle, and to tail off. She had an instinct for reiteration; she wanted to say something five times instead of once. Her favorite figure of speech is anaphora, where many lines begin with the same phrase, a figure which causes, more often than not, diffuseness and spreading of effect rather than concentration of intensity:

> . . . I will conquer myself.
> I will dig up the pride.

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I will take scissors
and cut out the beggar.
I will take a crowbar
and pry out the broken
pieces.

This is a form of poetic backstitching or, to change metaphors, a way of letting the poem get stuck in one groove. The folktales, by the necessary forward motion of plot, gave Sexton a momentum and shape that, on her own, she seemed to have no instinct for.

The tales, as I have said, matched her infantile fantasy; they gave her a clean trajectory; they turned her away from the morass of narcissism. But most of all, they enabled her as a satirist. Kumin speaks disapprovingly in the introduction of a draft of a poem which she disliked. It had, Kumin says, "what seemed to me a malevolently flippant tone." And Kumin urged that it be rewritten; and it was. But Sexton's aesthetically most realized tone is precisely a malevolently flippant one, however distasteful it might seem to others. Sexton herself preferred the maudlin or lachrymose or (on other occasions) the winsome or the babyish. But in the Grimm transformations all her sharp-eyed satire was unleashed. *Snow White*, for instance, indicts the bourgeois cult of hypocritical virginity:

No matter what life you lead
the virgin is a lovely number:
cheeks as fragile as cigarette paper,
arms and legs made of Limoges,
lips like Vin Du Rhône,
rolling her china-blue doll eyes
open and shut.
Open to say,
Good Day Mama,
and shut for the thrust
of the unicorn.

Rumpelstiltskin looks sardonically at the myth of maternal doting:

A son was born.
He was like most new babies,
as ugly as an artichoke
but the queen thought him a pearl.
She gave him her dumb lactation,
delicate, trembling, hidden,
warm, etc.

One-Eye, Two-Eyes, Three-Eyes casts a cold eye on the social role of the deformed:

The Thalidomide babies
with flippers at their shoulders,
wearing their mechanical arms
like derricks.
The club-footed boy
wearing his shoe like a flat iron.
The idiot child,
a stuffed doll who can only masturbate.
The hunchback carrying his hump
like a bag of onions . . .
Oh how we treasure
their scenic value.

When a child stays needy until he is fifty—
oh mother-eye, oh mother-eye, crush me
in—
the parent is as strong as a telephone pole.

This painfully graphic sketch is written by a person who is not "nice." What is occurring in such writing is not so much the shattering of taboos as the expression of an extremity of non-participatory vision. If Keats took part in the existence of the sparrow at his window with what we might call an objective sympathy, he could not have refrained from extending that same sympathy to the repressed virgin or the nursing mother or the hunchback. But a satirist feels under no obligation to extend sympathy. Sexton feels a slashing glee in her perfect vignettes. We see, for instance,

the night nurse
with her eyes slit like Venetian blinds,
she of the tubes and the plasma,
listening to the heart monitor,
the death cricket bleeping,
she who calls you 'we'
and keeps vigil like a ballistic missile.

Sexton threw off phrases with reckless bounty. The death cricket and the ballistic missile in this passage are shafts that fly straight and true; and the night nurse enters literature. In these fiendish cartoons, Sexton is most unlike Lowell. Too often, in her poems about family members and asylum experiences and exacerbated states, she sounds entirely too much like an echo of Lowell, and a bad one:

That was the winter
that my mother died,
half mad on morphine,
blown up, at last,
like a pregnant pig.
I was her dreamy evil eye.
In fact,
I carried a knife in my pocketbook—
my husband's good L. L. Bean hunting
knife.

There is far too much of this sort of thing in the *Complete Poems*, especially in the dreadfully imitative sequence "The Death of the Fathers."

Sexton's poems read better as a diary than as poems. They then seem a rather slap-dash journal stuck with brilliant phrases. Even the most formally arranged poems have, underneath their formal structure, no real or actual structure: they run on, they chatter, they moan, they repeat themselves, they deliquesce. Or, conversely (as in the famous "Her Kind"), they stop without any particular reason—they could have been shorter, they could have been longer. If, as A. R. Ammons once said, a poem begins in contingency and ends in necessity, the trouble with Sexton's poems is that they lack that necessity—the conviction that they were meant to be just as they are, with just these words and no others, extending to just this length and no other, with each part pulling its weight. Dickinson and Bishop often make us feel that necessity; Edna St. Vincent Millay—like Sexton a facile and prolific writer—does not.

Necessity appeals to some readers more than others, needless to say, and most of Sexton's readers have read her as a gripping journalist of the strained and difficult in life. One knows her very well by the end of this book. In that sense, she succeeded as a diarist, if not as a poet. Through this diary we come to know this third daughter whose two elder sisters laughed at her; she is the daughter of a rich alcoholic father who behaved toward her with sexual possessiveness, and of an unloving mother obsessed with enemas and cleanliness. The daughter defended herself by taking on a wooden lack of feeling, from which she was partially released by therapy after a postpartum depression. But she then thought of herself as composed solely of excrement. If she saw herself as an animal, it was as a rat.

These feelings were never to disappear. Giving up her children while she was in the asylum exacerbated her guilt. She confused poetry writing with therapy, expression with restructuring. The restructuring never seemed to take hold, though the writing, like the analysis, became obsessive. She saw that she was a perpetual, avid child, "a baby all wrapped up in its red howl," demanding that her family and friends mother her. "I need food/ and you walk away read-

"IT GOT HEFTY COVERAGE — network TV news footage, ink and pix in the press, mention in hourly radio headlines. 'It' was a pro-ERA rally at the Lincoln Memorial. Guess how many of America's women turned out for this major media event: a) 100,000 b) 10,000 c) 1,000. Right. But look at it this way: If each of the demonstrators can persuade just one state legislator somewhere to vote for it, ERA may still squeak through before June 30, 1982."

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ing the paper," became her reproach. She recognized, and was cruelly frank about, her compulsions; but she was unable to change her insatiable nature, her "greed for love." She defined herself as "a woman of excess, of zeal and greed," and nobody could have said worse things of her than she said of herself:

> Do I not look in the mirror,
> these days,
> and see a drunken rat avert her eyes?

Eventually, she was able to work less well at revision. The fantasies spun out of control; the dreams and hallucinations began to float around in disorder, and the masochistic poems about Jesus assumed disagreeable proportions:

> Jesus slept as still as a toy
> and in His dream
> he desired Mary.
> His penis sang like a dog. . .
> with His penis like a chisel
> He carved the Pietà.

IN THE POEMS, Sexton seems only frailly connected to anything outside herself. Her children, husband, and friends have a shadowy existence here, along with various unspecified lovers, who seem temporarily valuable as means to make Sexton feel loved. There are occasional mentions of war. But the relentless centrality of the "I"—almost always indoors alone, contemplating its own anguish (even if sometimes in farcical terms)—is finally exasperating. It drives us to comparison with other "I" poets of extreme psychic states—Dickinson and Berryman come to mind. Berryman, besides his humor, possessed a perfect, even icy, recognition that Henry, his libidinal self, was just that—one restricted portion of his entire self. Berryman's intellectual self took on the derelict Henry as a case study. Berryman's moral self looked on in disapproval, and offered, in blackface, quiet judgments and calm sympathy for Henry's distracted sins. Sexton's own intellectual mercilessness saves many poems. But she had no moral sympathy for herself; and she, more often than Berryman, lost herself in tragic attitudinizing and melodrama. Dickinson had the great gift of observation—not of the freaks of the world, making common cause with them, like Sexton (the witches, the old, the sick, the winos, the crippled)—but rather of the cosmos, a universe strict, impersonal, beautiful, dangerous, and indifferent. Dickinson felt acutely the scale of the whole creation, the nature of its imperial design. When she saw human beings, she saw them in that frame:

> Grand go the Years—in the Crescent—
> above them—
> Worlds scoop their Arcs—
> And Firmaments—row—
> Diadems—drop—and Doges—surrender—
> Soundless as dots—on a Disc of Snow.

Dickinson's "I," though as insistently present as Sexton's, is always placed in a context—religious, philosophical, cosmic, or social—larger than itself. When Dickinson goes mad, she does not take her madness as normative; she says, "And then a plank in Reason broke." There is a normative sanity present to measure the vertigo of psychic instability. Sexton's fantasies are often self-indulgent; only rarely can she include a plumb line by which to estimate her own slant out of equilibrium. In Sexton's poems we miss the complexity contributed by the double vision of fever taking its own pulse, being at once physician and patient. This was a double vision especially rigorously practiced by Sylvia Plath at the end of her life. But Plath, unlike Sexton, had a violent need for structure and containment; chaotic inner states, however exciting, did not in her view suffice to make a poem.

As Sexton passes into the anthologies, the more obviously "feminist" poems will no doubt be chosen, and there is no reason not to represent them:

> Am I approximately an I. Magnin transplant?
> I have hair, black angel,
> black-angel-stuffing to comb,
> nylon legs, luminous arms
> and some advertised clothes.

But the evil eye (as Sexton put it) should be in the anthologies too. This "evil," unsympathetic, flat, malicious, gleeful, noticing eye is neither male nor female, but it is Sexton's most distinguishing characteristic:

> The big fat war was going on.
> So profitable for daddy.
> She drove a pea green Ford.
> He drove a pearl gray Caddy.
>
> In the end they used it up.
> All that pale green dough.
> The rest I spent on doctors
> Who took it like gigolos.

This is of course superlatively unfair to the doctors and to Sexton herself. But that was Sexton's chief flair—a knack for the flat, two-dimensional cartoon. Some of that shrewd caricature should make its way into the anthologies too.

HELEN VENDLER

Helen Vendler is professor of English and American literature at Boston University. Her most recent book, *Part of Nature, Part of Us: Modern American Poets* (Harvard University Press), received the National Book Critics Circle Award for criticism in 1980.

A WILL TO FREEDOM

The History of Poland Since 1863
by R. F. Leslie, Antony Polonsky, Jan M. Ciechanowski, and Z. A. Pelczynski
edited by R. F. Leslie

(Cambridge University Press, 512 pp., $45)

The Polish nation is a little over 1,000 years old. Despite a succession of rulers of very uneven ability, the Polish kingdom came to be very large fairly early in its history. By the 16th century the only country in Europe larger than Poland was France. But a series of catastrophic wars combined with the political depredations of an unruly noble class led to the Polish partitions of 1772, 1793, and 1795 as Austria, Prussia, and Russia divided up the Polish kingdom.

As subjects of alien rulers, the Polish people continued to maintain a remarkable sense of nationality as well as a deep devotion to the Roman Catholic Church. Not content with the insignificant degree of autonomy which the

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Congress of Vienna awarded them, the Poles rose up against their rulers in 1830, 1846, and 1863. Each insurrection, hopeless to begin with, was crushed.

The Polish people then turned to a modern kind of political agitation, making the matter of their independence, the "Polish Question," a major international issue. In 1918 the victors of World War I restored the Polish nation. After successfully fighting off a Red Army invasion in 1920, that nation survived and prospered modestly until September 1939, when it was overwhelmed and again partitioned, this time between Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union. Under the Molotov-Ribbentrop agreements, the Soviets obtained the eastern third of prewar Poland.

None of the occupied nations of World War II suffered the horrors that the Poles did. Until Germany attacked the Soviet Union in 1941, there was little to choose between the savagery of the Communists or Nazis. The Germans attempted to reduce Poland to a non-nation, a German-ruled resource region of uneducated worker robots. And, of course, they killed off most of the nation's extensive Jewish population. The Soviets attempted to socialize their part of prewar Poland by deporting or murdering any Pole who had held a government position (down to

An Anxious Mood In Poland

Poland's Andrzej Wajda has been regarded as one of the world's leading directors since the mid-1950s when his films *Kanal* and *Ashes and Diamonds* signaled the cultural thaw of de-Stalinization in Eastern Europe. It is Wajda's lot, as a Pole, to be judged not merely on his artistic merit, but on his political daring. This is a standard that Western directors are spared and it is one that tends to distort assessments of his cinematic talents. But Wajda doesn't seem to mind. To him, the urge to make ideological judgments and send political messages is clearly as important as the use of spectacle was to Cecil B. deMille.

Wajda has responded to that urge in two very different ways in his two recent films, *Man of Marble*, released in 1977, and *Man of Iron*, which is about to be released in the United States, having won this year's Golden Palm at the Cannes Film Festival. In a sense, the second film is a sequel to the first. Yet the two works, produced in such different political climates, are in fact markedly dissimilar, and their difference testifies to the extraordinary transformation that has been taking place in Poland.

Man of Marble told of a young woman filmmaker's efforts to recreate the life of Mateusz Birkut, a hero-worker in the Stalin era who is exploited by the system and eventually victimized by it because of his political integrity. It was a remarkably vivid portrayal of latter-day cynicism in Polish life.

The mid-1970s were a "liberal" period in Poland. The standard of living had been rising. Western fashions and travel were common. The rough edges of police state authority were blurred. The problems the young filmmaker had in gathering material for her film and getting permission to carry the project through were more subtle than overt. Her nemesis, the head of the film department, was suave in imported clothes and corrupt in his hypocritical reluctance to let the work go forward.

The political edge in *Man of Marble* was sharp—the expediencies of the present were presented as vestiges of the sins of the Stalinist past—while the material characterization of Polish life was distinctly flattering. After some tugging and hauling in the party bureaucracy, *Man of Marble* was shown in Poland to huge crowds and was viewed abroad as a sign of the relative openness of Polish cultural horizons compared to those of other Soviet-bloc countries.

Now comes *Man of Iron*: a dramatization of events surrounding the strike at the Gdansk shipyards in the summer of 1980 that led to the creation of Solidarity, Poland's independent trade union. The worker-protagonist is the son of Birkut from *Man of Marble*. The woman filmmaker is now his wife and there are expository flashbacks that tie the two films together. The tone, however, is fundamentally different. Grim earnestness has replaced cynicism. The film presents Solidarity's struggle for recognition against a backdrop of official attempts at subversion. The subtleties of opposition are replaced by overt, sinister KGB-style police harassment. The settings are dark apartments and barren shipyard halls. The voguish liberalism of a few years ago has been left behind. This is the gritty reality of workers taking on the state.

This time there could be no question in Poland of withholding the film from distribution or censoring it in petty ways. The very victory it dramatizes changed the equation of power in Poland. Wajda need no longer be elliptical, and *Man of Iron* is a harsh and angry film. It should be seen, therefore, for what it is—an unparalleled opportunity for outsiders to glimpse the sensibilities behind the headline-making events in Poland.

Surprisingly, the victorious climax in which the government accepts Solidarity's demands is not a moment of joy in the film. The document is just a piece of paper signed under duress, a government agent mutters ominously. The implication is that Communist Party losers will bide their time until they can strike back and restore their power. The people, Wajda implies, had best not be naive in their triumph; they live within the bear's easy grasp.

So while *Man of Iron* is a tribute to the Gdansk workers (even Lech Walesa has a cameo walk-on), it is Andrzej Wajda's way of warning his countrymen, and the rest of us, that the dangers persist. This anxious mood is critical for Americans to understand. For all the dynamism that the transition from *Man of Marble* to *Man of Iron* records, Poles still live in the shadow of Soviet influence and power. The recent changes in the Communist leadership show how precarious the situation remains.

Peter Osnos

Peter Osnos, national editor of the *Washington Post*, is a former correspondent in Eastern Europe.

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and including the postman level) or anyone who was not clearly a member of the working class (hence the Katyn Forest massacre). However, an independent Poland survived politically in the form of an anti-Communist government-in-exile in London, a legitimate successor to the interwar government, which raised a large Polish army abroad and directed occupied Europe's largest underground army in the homeland.

STALIN WAS determined that the Soviet Union would not restore to postwar Poland the lands which it had seized in September 1939. He also had no intention of permitting a strong anti-Communist government to return to the nation. A Communist-led shadow government under Soviet sponsorship was created and, as the Red Army occupied Poland toward the end of the war, was recognized by the Soviets as the Polish administration.

Britain and the United States, reluctantly settling for the best Polish deal they could get, finally agreed to recognize the Polish Communist-dominated government provided that free elections should be held. To compensate Poland for the prewar eastern territory extracted by the Soviets, the Polish borders were extended westward into Germany and north into East Prussia. Eventually, the promised elections were held with the Communists prevailing.

Subsequently, the Polish Communist government has maintained itself, with many difficulties but some significant successes. It now attempts to rule over a people who are profoundly discontented and, since the summer of 1980, may even be considered to be in the vanguard of a wholly new kind of revolution—one which Marx never foresaw.

The History of Poland Since 1863 is the product of four British authors, all academics—R.F. Leslie, Antony Polonsky, Jan M. Ciechanowski, and Z.A. Pelczynski. Leslie's field of specialization is 19th-century Poland. Polonsky is known for his highly respected works on interwar Poland; and Ciechanowski has written on the Polish resistance during World War II. In this book each of the authors has contributed three or more chapters on his period of specialization, with Leslie serving as general editor. The book commences from 1864, rather surprisingly because the insurrection of 1863-64 is barely dealt with. However, it is one date from which a modern Poland could be considered to have begun. The book ends with events in 1978 and was written before the present Polish unrest.

There are several other scholarly accounts written in English dealing with most of the time span dealt with in this book. Indeed, in most cases what is presented here is a condensation of the fuller histories which the book's authors have previously written independently. But one section stands out: the final third of the book, mostly written by Pelczynski, deals with Poland from the end of World War II up to 1978. Very little has been written on this period, certainly nothing as objective, insightful, and timely as Pelczynski's contribution.

AS PELCZYNSKI clearly portrays, the Polish Communist Party (technically, now called the "Polish United Workers Party") has always had its work cut out for it. As World War II ended, the Communists held only a shaky dominance over the government of Poland. True, they controlled the key ministries of defense, public security, industry, and foreign affairs, and they could count on the Red Army for support in a showdown. But the Communists ruled over a nation demolished and depopulated by the war. They also had to contend with an extremely strong independent Socialist party and a well-organized peasant party, both of which were preparing for the promised postwar Polish elections. There was also a small-scale civil war going on as remnants of the Polish underground home army refused to surrender themselves to the Polish Communist forces of the Soviet Red Army. Had free elections been held in 1945 or 1946 they would surely have resulted in a Communist defeat. Using the civil war as an excuse, the Communist government postponed the elections until it had, to a degree, consolidated itself. In January 1947 the elections were held. Aided by widespread fraud, disenfranchisement of opposition voters, and elimination of many strong opposition candidates from the ballots, the Communists won the election. Even the Communist regime now tacitly admits it imposed itself on an unwilling nation which identified communism with the Soviet Union—which most Poles hated almost as much as they did Germany. The opposition was thereupon snuffed out—Mikolajczyk, the prominent peasant party leader, fled for his life to the West, aided by the British secret service—and the Communists took total power.

It certainly has not been easy. The political history of postwar Poland is like a pendulum. A period of "Stalinization" when the government is virtually run by Soviet nominees is followed by "de-satellization" and a more independent line. Charges of revisionism then bring repression followed eventually by concessions and liberalization followed again by a hard line. The political pendulum swings back and forth—but in ominously larger arcs.

The situation is similar in the economic field. Each new three-year plan or five-year plan or seven-year plan has its early successes and then, for a variety of reasons, is revealed to have had serious failures. The economic problems are basic. The Communist government, as Pelczynski brings out, generally refuses to price goods realistically based on their cost. This introduces constant distortions into the economy. Similarly, when planning massive industrial projects the Polish government frequently has assigned no cost to invested capital—this being regarded as an anti-Socialist capitalist concept. Thus gigantic enterprises are built which will never return a yield on the investment it took to construct them.

THE MOST BASIC problem is that the Polish government consistently has pursued a policy of investing in industry at the expense of current consumption levels. Instead of making more consumer goods, they built heavy industry. Some day, the government kept promising, this would pay off. But to the Polish people it did not seem that this distant day would ever come. In 1970 the shipyard workers led a wave of strikes and riots which could only be suppressed by the army. A frightened government now took a new tack—since perceived as a gross economic folly. Instead of withdrawing capital from current income to pay for investment in heavy industrial equipment, they would buy the equipment abroad on credit and painlessly pay for it later by selling abroad the products of these industries. Polish imports of Western technology expanded from 100 million dollars a year in 1970 to nearly two billion dollars in 1974. For a short period this seemed to work well. By 1975 almost one-half of the Polish

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industrial plant was brand-new. But the export markets necessary to pay for this have never been found. And now the borrowed money must be repaid—some by new loans but some out of current income. The only way, seemingly, for the nation to avoid eventual bankruptcy is to reduce the standard of living dramatically—which the people will not tolerate. It is an economic dilemma from which there seems to be no way out.

To be sure, the Communist government has had certain significant successes, at least by its own lights, and Pelcyznski carefully describes them. The government has successfully assimilated the western territories taken from Germany, no mean task. It has offered the opportunity for social mobility and education to the entire nation—although preference is shown to the children of workers and peasants. Its industrialization policies mostly have solved the historic Polish problem of overpopulation on the land and consequent underemployment of the peasantry.

BUT THESE successes are not widely respected by Poles. They regard the Communist bureaucracy as a group of opportunists who are ideologically impoverished, not intelligent, and out of touch with the people. The Polish masses are sick of waiting for the promised day when their economic ship will come in.

As this book emphasizes, Poland has become a contradiction among contemporary East European Socialist nations. Its Communist party is not a monolith. Far from it. It is a fragile structure indeed. Poland's strong Roman Catholic Church regards the Communist regime as "a mere episode in the long history of the Polish nation." Its priests are perceived to be, on the whole, more intelligent and better educated than the Communist bureaucracy. The Polish people, historically intensely nationalistic and self-centered, feel not the slightest kinship for their supposedly fraternal Socialist nations in the rest of Eastern Europe. Poland is now a nation where the government and its secret police are more afraid of the people than the people are of the government and police.

This book contains a wealth of graphs, charts, and statistics to buttress its authors' various conclusions. Its emphasis is heavily on economic and politi-

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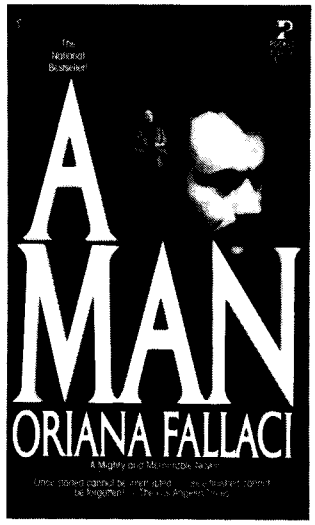

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cal developments within Poland. There is not much on foreign affairs or military events—which would widen its interest. Surprisingly, it contains almost nothing about the history of the once-extensive Jewish population in Poland, now numbering only 10,000 persons. It is a pity that the book is so unrelentingly academic. Perhaps this is appropriate for Britain where there are few Poles and a scholarly book meets the need. But *Polonia* in the United States is estimated at as many as 12 million persons. Presumably an audience of this size wants and needs a more popularly written book sold at a lower price. Nonetheless, there are not many books published about Polish history, and *The History of Poland Since 1863* is the best general work now available.

RICHARD M. WATT

Richard M. Watt's books on European history include *Bitter Glory: Poland and Its Fate 1918-1939* (Simon & Schuster).

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 2*

have a very short-term maturity, and are relatively safe. But it is very hard to finance a durable piece of equipment or a house or a plant with 90-day money. The incentives to create long-term investments are almost nonexistent today.

The public has wanted greater prudence in the conduct of government budget-making. This was part of the reason Reagan was elected. Now the public is beginning to realize the tradeoffs that exist within the budget-cutting process. Should the Reagan team become too brash in its income redistribution scheme, it may end up with microeconomic troubles as well as macroeconomic ones.

John M. Mason
Wayne, Pennsylvania

The editors welcome correspondence from TNR's readers. Letters intended for publication should include the correspondent's full name, address, and telephone number; should be typed double-spaced; and should be held to under 200 words.

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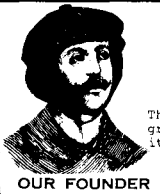

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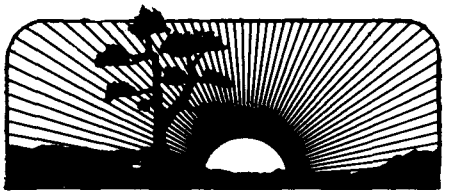

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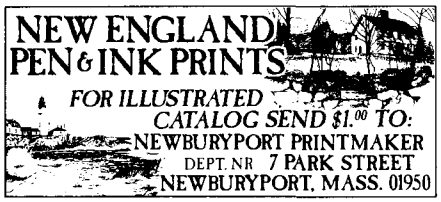

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TRAVELING DIARIST

Muddling Through

THE BRITISH TOURIST AUTHORITY and World Airways, unaware that TNR is already a hotbed of England's partisans, recently issued an invitation to a five-day junket. More susceptible to Anglophilia than to professional ethical phobias, I accepted. (Since I started out a shameless enthusiast, I briefly reasoned with my conscience, wasn't I immune to corruption anyway?) The British Tourist Authority's theme for this year is "Maritime England." (Rumor has it that the tourist board chairman is angling for knighthood—the Royal Family adores the navy.) I knew I'd enjoy the tour of the southeast coast planned for us; I was less sure how I'd take to my first freeloading. Dining and lodging elegantly at others' expense is of course a treat; being beholden every day to people whose hospitality you don't deserve and whose names you can't recall is more likely to tax tender sensibilities. But on the first stop of our tour Charles Dickens, who frequented the southeasterly beaches himself, explained how best to construe the native generosity. In his sketch of the town of Broadstairs, "our English watering-place . . . left somewhat high and dry by the years," Dickens described the welcoming inhabitants this way: "They all do business, it is to be presumed, from motives of philanthropy—but it is quite certain that they are all being ruined. Their interest in strangers, and their politeness under ruin, bespeak their amiable natures." It buoyed me to think that the British Tourist Authority, under no illusion that England was shipshape, sponsored a group of eight strangers out of a similar spirit of chins-up philanthropy, not from any businesslike computation of our worth and their gain. Our guides acted as though they enjoyed nothing so much as herding us in and out of historic backwaters and elegant restaurants. We were not always so amiable in return: professional journalist junketers can be very businesslike in their complaints and demands, and transparently artificial in their gratitude. But one evening, after fine wines had flowed, a California freelancer in our party was inspired: she toasted a decorative dessert marshmallow over a candle and popped it into the mouth of a delighted local councilman—an American treat for our host.

ALL OF ENGLAND has seen better days, but some areas have been making do with decline longer than others. It was this British knack for salvaging the best of a sorry situation that seemed the implicit and apt theme of our maritime tour. The ports we visited had peaked briefly back in the 13th century, when they stoutheartedly defended the coast for the Crown; since then, they have held on through a long, seven-century slide. No sooner had the towns grown rich off the special rights the Crown granted them than their harbors began to silt up, so the residents turned to less legitimate trades. "Smuggling was a local growth industry," cheerily recalls a 19th-century town chronicler; "many fishermen participated in it, being well-provided with local knowledge to outwit the best endeavours of the customs men. The penalty if caught . . . was severe—the offending craft was cut in two." Undaunted, the resourceful locals rallied again: "the close-knit communities soon provided the means to replace the boats and so restore the livelihood of those apprehended." But the true pride of the coast is a more heroic form of salvaging: rescuing ships wrecked on the hazardous Goodwin Sands three miles offshore—"a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried," as Shakespeare described the sandbar. The inhabitants are quick to boast of Lionel Lukin, the local son who invented the lifeboat, which earned him the King's Patent in 1786. The boats have been manned by generation after generation of hearty volunteers, and we met one loyal lady who has been coming down to the shore to pour coffee for shivering survivors ever since Dunkirk. We were also received by the honorary secretary of the Walmer Lifeboat Station, who has been keeping the tally for the current lifeboat, "The Hampshire Rose," through her seven years of service: so far, "94 lives saved, as well as one cat and one dog."

NOW SMUGGLING TOO has declined (though not entirely disappeared), and the new local growth industry along the southern coast is catering conferences, professional and political. The town of Eastbourne lays "claim to the proud title of 'Britain's Conference Centre.'" With its bright flower beds, even in fall, and spotlessly white Victorian facades, the thriving town is a sight to cheer any conferee whose own enterprise might be in sorrier straits. Brighton, where the Labour Party conference recently was held, is Eastbourne's neighboring competitor. It is less elegant (in fact a bit tacky), and above all tolerant. When Alcoholics Anonymous gathered there last month, Brighton obligingly kept the pubs open an extra two hours for the occasion. "We had assumed that the bars would remain closed for this conference," a town council lawyer told the London *Times*, "but the organizers say some members are sufficiently rehabilitated to be able to drink in moderation"—and eager to prove their powers of self-restraint until 1 a.m. instead of the usual 11 p.m. pub closing time.

MY LAST JAUNT was north to York, where I was guided to a little-known literary shrine: The Sign of the Bible, the site of the bookstore and printing press which in 1747 published the first signed work of Laurence Sterne, who subsequently won renown for his novel *Tristram Shandy*. In his first publication, a sermon entitled "The Case of Elijah and the Widow of Zarephath Considered," Parson Sterne preached about the virtues of dispensing charity, and he extolled the very faith that motivates junket sponsors—the power of good works to reap multiple rewards "in the course of God's providence and in the natural stream of things." But later, in his novel *A Sentimental Journey*, the seasoned, secular Sterne also considered the instinct that animates junket-takers: "We get forwards in the world," Sterne's traveling hero had figured out, "not so much by doing services as by receiving them." And yet it didn't take him long to discover, as I did, that mooching is best in moderation. "For three weeks together, I was of every man's opinion I met," he declared. "And at this price I could have eaten and drank and been merry all the days of my life at Paris; but 'twas a dishonest reckoning," this sponger realized and, sick with the surfeit of charity, he took to his bed. As for me, I retired in relief to economy class.

A.H.

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